

# The Enterprise.

VOL. 11.

SOUTH SAN FRANCISCO, SAN MATEO COUNTY, CAL., SATURDAY, JANUARY 27, 1906.

NO. 14.

## RAILROAD TIME TABLE

NORTH.	
6:02 A. M. Daily.	
7:19 A. M. Daily, except Sunday.	
9:39 A. M. Daily.	
12:39 P. M. Daily.	
5:03 P. M. Daily.	
5:54 P. M. Daily.	
9:12 P. M. Daily.	
SOUTH.	
6:45 A. M. Daily.	
7:33 A. M. Daily, except Sunday.	
12:03 P. M. Daily.	
4:05 P. M. Daily.	
7:03 P. M. Daily.	
9:23 P. M. Daily.	
12:01 A. M. Daily. (Theatre train.)	

## TIME TABLE

South San Francisco R. R. & Power Co.

Leave Holy Cross	Leave Packing House
5:18 a. m.	5:37 a. m.
6:00 "	6:20 "
Every one-half hour thereafter to	Every one-half hour thereafter to
4:30 p. m.	4:30 p. m.
4:55 "	5:15 "
5:10 "	5:30 "
5:25 "	5:45 "
5:40 "	6:00 "
5:55 "	6:15 "
6:10 "	6:30 "
6:25 "	6:45 "
6:40 "	7:00 "
6:55 "	7:15 "
7:10 "	7:30 "
7:25 "	7:45 "
7:40 "	8:00 "
7:55 "	8:15 "
8:10 "	8:30 "
8:25 "	8:45 "
8:40 "	9:00 "
8:55 "	9:15 "
9:10 "	9:30 "
9:25 "	9:45 "
9:40 "	10:00 "
9:55 "	10:15 "
10:10 "	10:30 "
10:25 "	10:45 "
10:40 "	11:00 "
10:55 "	11:15 "
11:10 "	11:30 "
11:25 "	11:45 "
11:40 "	12:00 "
11:55 "	12:15 "
12:15 a. m.	12:35 a. m.

Cars pass Post Office every thirty minutes, 18 minutes before and 12 minutes after the even hours, from 5:42 a. m. to 4:42 p. m. The last "suburban car", leaving Fifth and Market Sts., S. F., at 11:30 p. m., connects at Holy Cross at 12:15 a. m. with last car for South San Francisco.

## UNITED RAILROADS OF SAN FRANCISCO

## TIME TABLE OF SAN MATEO SUBURBAN LINE

From San Mateo	From 5th & Market Sts., S. F.
WEEK-DAYS	
5:45 a. m. to 8:45 p. m. every 30 minutes	6:30 a. m. to 7:30 p. m. every 30 minutes
8:45 p. m. to 11:45 p. m. every 60 minutes	7:30 p. m. to 11:30 p. m. every 60 minutes
SATURDAYS	
5:45 a. m. to 12:15 p. m. every 30 minutes	6:30 a. m. to 11:30 a. m. every 30 minutes
12:15 p. m. to 12:40 p. m. every 25 minutes	11:30 a. m. to 6:30 p. m. every 20 minutes
12:40 p. m. to 7:20 p. m. every 20 minutes	
7:20 p. m. to 7:45 p. m. every 25 minutes	
7:45 p. m. to 11:45 p. m. every 30 minutes	6:30 p. m. to 11:30 p. m. every 30 minutes
SUNDAYS	
First car 6:45 a. m.	First car 7:30 a. m.
Last car 11:45 p. m.	Last car 11:30 p. m.
Cars will run as often as travel warrants.	

## POST OFFICE.

Postoffice open from 7 a. m. to 7 p. m. Sundays, 8:00 to 9:00 a. m. Money order office open 7 a. m. to 6:30 p. m.

## MAILS ARRIVE.

From the North	A. M.	P. M.
From the North	6:45	12:03
" South		12:39

## MAIL CLOSURES.

North	A. M.	P. M.
North	6:55	12:09
South		12:35

E. E. CUNNINGHAM, P. M.

## CHURCH NOTICES.

Episcopal services will be held every Sunday in Grace Church. Morning service at 11 o'clock a. m. Evening service at 7:30 p. m. Sunday school at 10 a. m. See local column.

Methodist Church. Meetings, Butchers' Hall. Sunday Services—Sunday School, 3 p. m.; Epworth League of Christian Endeavor, 6:30 p. m.; Preaching, 7:30 p. m.

The pastor, Rev. T. D. Lewis will be in town Tuesdays and Thursdays from 1:30 to 5 p. m. Any who may know of sick or distressed neighbors, will please leave word at the residences of Mr. Coombes, Mrs. Du Bois or Mrs. Sullivan.

Catholic Church Services will be held every Sunday at 8:30 o'clock a. m. at the Catholic Church.

## MEETING NOTICE.

Progress Camp, No. 425, Woodmen of the World, meets every Wednesday evening at Journeymen Butchers' Hall.

Lodge San Mateo No. 7, Journeymen Butchers' Protective and Benevolent Association, will meet every Tuesday at 8 p. m., at Journeymen Butchers' Hall.

## DIRECTORY OF COUNTY OFFICERS.

JUDGE SUPERIOR COURT	
Hon. G. H. Buck	Redwood City
TREASURER	
P. P. Chamberlain	Redwood City
TAX COLLECTOR	
C. L. McCracken	Redwood City
DISTRICT ATTORNEY	
J. J. Bullock	Redwood City
ASSESSOR	
C. D. Hayward	Redwood City
COUNTY CLERK	
H. W. Schaberg	Redwood City
COUNTY RECORDER	
John F. Johnston	Redwood City
SHERIFF	
J. H. Mansfield	Redwood City
AUDITOR	
Geo. Barker	Redwood City
SUPERINTENDENT OF SCHOOLS	
Miss Etta M. Tilton	Redwood City
CORONER AND PUBLIC ADMINISTRATOR	
Jan. Crowe	Redwood City
SURVEYOR	
W. B. Gilbert	Redwood City

## WHAT BECAME OF ALL THAT MONEY?

State Senator Brackett of New York Is Seeking Information That May Uncover New Insurance Scandals

Immense Sums Contributed to Andrew Hamilton May Have Been Used to Influence Legislation in Many States.

Albany, N. Y.—What became of the "yellow dog fund" and other sums contributed to Andrew Hamilton, general legislative agent of seventy insurance companies, under the guise of legal and real estate disbursements? This is the problem that Senator Edgar T. Brackett and other members of the Legislature are endeavoring to solve, and it is likely to become a very active issue as soon as the report of the insurance investigating committee is presented to the Legislature.

It is the general understanding here, where Hamilton is well known and his transactions are regarded by his friends as legitimate, that the "yellow dog fund" and similar appropriations went largely to executive insurance officials throughout the United States for purchase of rulings and decisions in favor of the companies, where enforcement of the insurance laws might have interfered with their operations. The belief is that it would have been impossible to spend such large sums in the Legislature, even if the occasion had existed, without attracting attention.

If the money was used to influence legislation, however, it is Senator Brackett's purpose to establish the fact. He announced that it was his intention to follow the trail of the "yellow dog," even if it were found to lead to the doors of the Senate chamber.

In prosecution of this purpose Senator Brackett some time ago wrote to Hamilton in Paris. He has known him for many years and he advised him strongly to return to this country and tell the entire truth. Senator Brackett has received a reply from Hamilton by cable, but he declines to disclose the nature of its contents. It is the general belief that Hamilton declined to return.

"It constitutes what is known legally as primary evidence," he said, "and it supersedes all other evidence."

"What are you going to do next?" was asked.

"My next move will come like a bolt from the blue sky," Senator Brackett replied.

## State of Sonora Bars Foreigners.

Los Angeles.—The report recently sent out from Monterey, Mexico, and later denied by the Mexican Consular Agent at San Diego, to the effect that the Mexican Government has denied the right of foreigners to file mining claims in the States of Sonora and Lower California has been officially confirmed. Senor Pedro Rendon, Attorney-General of Mexico, who is now visiting relatives in Los Angeles, stated the official order has been issued and is now in force. How long it will be effective he does not know, but he thinks the Mexican Government has no intention of making it permanent.

## Lava Wrecks a Village.

Honolulu.—Advice received from Samoa state that the lava flow on the island of Savaii has now reached the sea in two places. It has done considerable damage in the destruction of coconut plantations. Half the native village of Toapaipai has been destroyed. No lives have been lost, but considerable destitution has been entailed.

## Hurricane Sweeps Over Islands.

Honolulu.—From the Caroline and Marshall Islands comes the news that those two groups suffered great damage from another hurricane, lasting three days. The damage was not so great as that suffered from the hurricane last April. It was, nevertheless, severe, destroying many plantations and houses, though no lives were lost.

## Rebellion in Ecuador.

Guayaquil.—The revolutionaries have entered Quito, the capital of Ecuador. Vice-President Baquerizo Moreno has assumed executive power and will appoint a new Cabinet.

## CONGRESS FACES FLOOD OF BILLS

Over Thirteen Thousand Measures of Various Kinds Have Been Introduced by Nation's Representatives

Sunday Act is Proposed.—Representative Allen Desires by Legislation to Make the Sabbath a Day of Complete Rest.

Washington.—Ignoring the pension bills, of which there is a multitude, there have been introduced in the Lower House of Congress at the present session about 13,000 measures of various kinds, or an average of about thirty to each representative. The number of measures which will pass and receive the President's signatures will be so small that a fraction of one bill for each representative is possibly too fat a figure to fix. Nevertheless, without hope of success, the members go on daily dropping their manuscripts into the Speaker's basket, knowing that they will make copy for the Public Printing Office and a few votes in the home district, if they accomplish no legislative results.

Hundreds of these bills are praiseworthy and many of them should be pushed to passage, but the trouble is that all minor things must be kept from the legislative pathway in order that certain greater measures, some commendable and some not, may have their course kept clear.

Representative Amos Lawrence Allen has introduced a bill "to protect further the first day of the week as a day of rest in the District of Columbia." Allen is a churchman. He says as a preface to his measure that there has been an increase not only in traffic, but also "of hard labor on Sunday in the national capital, including the public driving of dirt carts, to the great offense of Christian and humane citizens."

Allen provides in his bill that no one shall play any game or indulge in any sport, pastime or diversion on Sunday, and that no persons, excepting druggists, undertakers and news-dealers, shall open shop on the Lord's day. Allen also provides that all building operations and railroad construction shall cease upon the first day of the week.

This bill may seem like a section of ancient blue laws, but curiously enough it stands a good chance of passing Congress.

Several measures have been introduced to prevent cruelty to animals while in transit from one State to another. Senator Martin of Virginia has asked Congress in a bill to establish a memorial park in Spottsylvania county, Virginia, to preserve and suitably mark "for historical and professional military study the famous battlefields known as Fredericksburg, Salem Church, Chancellorsville, the Wilderness and Spottsylvania Court-house." All these battlefields are within a radius of eight miles. Senator Martin's bill is one of the longest introduced at this session of Congress. It gives the history of the battles and the location of the different forces engaged. In fact, it is a guide book to the famous fields.

## Ensign Wade Acquitted.

Vallejo.—Rear Admiral McCalla, commandant at the Mare Island navy yard, received a wire from Washington Friday announcing that the court-martial board that sat at Mare Island last fall to try Ensign Charles T. Wade of the U. S. S. Bennington has rendered a verdict declaring Wade innocent. The Secretary of the Navy has approved the verdict and ordered that Wade be restored to duty at once.

## Values His Eye at \$50,000.

Redding.—Walter Richardson, a former employe of the Mountain Copper Company at the Keswick smelter, now living in Colusa, has brought suit against the company for \$50,000 damages for the loss of his left eye. Richardson was employed as a matte puller prior to an accident on March 16, 1904, which resulted in the loss of his eye.

## Richest Man in Glenn Dies.

Willows.—J. R. Talbot, the largest landowner and wealthiest man in Glenn county, died at his home near Willows of paralysis. He was a native of Missouri and 81 years of age. He settled in this county many years ago. He leaves an estate valued at \$500,000.

## SUGGESTS CHANGE IN EXCLUSION LAW

Secretary of State Urges That Provision Be Made For Better Treatment of Exempt Class of Chinese

Also Gives His View of "Elderly and Estimable" Office-Hunters, Who Have Long Outlived Their Time of Usefulness.

Washington.—Secretary Root, while appearing before the House Appropriations Committee in relation to the expenses of the State Department, spoke frankly concerning the shortcomings of the American consular service. In response to questions by Representative Livingston the Secretary said:

"There are a great many consulates that have been in bad condition and there are some that are still in that condition, and the fact arises from several causes. One cause is that consulates are used and regarded here not as places in which active and efficient work is to be done, but are used as places in which to shelve estimable and elderly gentlemen whose friends find it necessary to take care of them in some way. (Laughter.)

"Now, I have got, old enough to be able to say that sort of thing without anybody being offended. I do not think that when a man has lived out the activity of his life and passed beyond his ambition and his energy, or his desire to make a career for himself—I do not think then is the time to start him out in a new place where he has got to learn a new business and push the commerce of the country."

In discussing the trade conditions in China and the necessity for gathering information concerning troubles there, Root said:

"There is no occasion for sending a commission to China. Our Ministers and Consuls at the treaty ports of China are commissioned now. If these gentlemen will come up here I will bury them in papers so they cannot dig out for a week. We have bushels and bushels of reports from perfectly trustworthy American witnesses as to what has been happening in China and as to the cause thereof. The trouble now is not ignorance as to what the conditions are; it is in applying the quite plain and simple remedy."

"There have been two troubles, one arising from the fact that the law, the Chinese exclusion act, contains some provisions which experience has shown to be ill-advised, and the other is that the law has been administered in a harsh and inconsiderate way."

"The President has remedied the administration, I think, just as far as the law permits him to do, and the thing to be done now is for you to change the law in some respects; not so as to permit the Chinese laborers to come in, but so that the Chinese laborer can be kept out without insult and indignity and hardship to the Chinese merchants and scholars and the men who occupy the same position in the Chinese community as the people in this room occupy in ours. They have been subjected to gross indignity and hardships in many cases and I do not wonder that they are indignant."

## Officials Wreck Shoe Company.

St. Louis.—At a meeting of the creditors of the Tennent Shoe Company the failure of the firm was announced. Until their resignation a short time ago, John H. Tennent was president and John H. Tennent Jr. was secretary and manager of the company. A recent examination of the books of the concern revealed a shortage of \$223,000. Official announcement was also made of irregularities in the conduct of the business by which Tennent Jr. was permitted to draw \$15,000 of the firm's money for which there is no accounting except "overdrafts."

## Japan May Purchase Philippines.

Birmingham, England.—The correspondent of the Post at London telegraphs: "There is a growing belief in well-informed quarters here that Japan may soon acquire the Philippines by purchase or exchange. The idea has strongly suggested itself to the American authorities, and it is not impossible that the proposal, which it is known has been made to America by Japan, though it may be officially denied, will be seriously considered at Washington."

## SHORT NEWS ITEMS FROM EVERYWHERE

Interesting and Important Occurrences of the Past Week Tersely Related in Condensed Paragraphs

Current Events Briefly Reviewed in Numerous Dispatches From Correspondents in Every Corner of the World.

The value of the Australian wool clip for 1905 is estimated at \$92,000,000, which is an increase of \$15,000,000 over the previous year.

Fire that broke out at Russellville, Ark., wiped out the entire business district, entailing a loss of \$300,000. The fire literally burned itself out.

A dispatch from Rome is to the effect that Princess Ena of Battenberg, the fiancée of King Alfonso, has written to Pope Pius, announcing her conversion to Catholicism.

It is announced that the exports of Germany to the United States during the year 1905 from all the American Consular districts amounted to \$125,724,321, an increase of \$14,484,096.

John Malone, well known as an actor and at one time in the support of Edwin Booth and Lawrence Barrett, died in New York city following an attack of apoplexy, aged 78 years.

In a session of two and a half hours the other day the House of Representatives took favorable action on 166 pension bills. Forty-two of the beneficiaries are blind and sixty-eight are paralyzed.

Cassie L. Chadwick, who has been too weak to work for the past few days, has now begun her duties with the other women convicts at Columbus, Ohio. She was set to work making buttonholes in shirts.

Rev. W. N. Cleveland, brother of former President Grover Cleveland, died last week at Columbus, Ohio, from the effects of paralysis, aged 73 years. Rev. Mr. Cleveland was a retired Presbyterian minister.

Rather than wash dishes, which he declared to be a girl's work, Juan Caurias, aged 12 years, son of a well-known ranchman living near Malachite, Colo., committed suicide by shooting a rifle bullet through his head.

A sanguinary fight between peasants and gendarmes took place in connection with the election of a Judge at the village of Bilke, in the Bereg district, Hungary. Six peasants and two gendarmes were killed and a number wounded.

In retaliation for the Mayor's order closing saloons on Sunday, E. S. Cary, representing a faction of the liquor retailers of Minneapolis, served warrants on six theatrical people charging them with violating the Sunday theater law.

The Secretary of War has sent a letter to the Speaker of the House of Representatives calling attention to the matter of post schools for the children of enlisted men at remote military posts, where no other educational facilities are available.

The Paris Academy of Medicine has resolved to forbid the employment of the Roentgen ray except by doctors, owing to the danger incurred in its application by unskilled hands. It is alleged to have been proved that numerous deaths have been caused by it.

In order to put an end to the intolerable condition of affairs in Manchuria the military council has instructed General Linewitch to forthwith dispatch General Stackelberg to attack bodies of mutinous soldiers in the rear, while General Zakomolsky attacks them from the front.

Captain W. C. Van Schaick, who was in command of the steamer General Slocum when that vessel was burned in the East river in June, 1904, causing a loss of more than 1000 lives, has been put on trial in the United States Court at New York, charged with criminal negligence.

Suits have been filed by the city of Chicago in the Circuit Court against the Union Traction Company for \$15,000,000 and the Chicago City Railway Company for \$500,000 for alleged violations of city ordinances. The actions are based solely on the overcrowding of cars in December. There are 15,000 cases against the Union Traction Company and 5000 cases against the City Railway Company. The damages asked are figured at the maximum fine provided in the ordinances, \$100 for each violation.

## COUNTY GAME LAW.

The Dates on Which Game and Fish May Be Taken or Killed.

Following are the open Game seasons as issued by the San Mateo County Fish and Game Protective Association:

Cottontail or Bush Rabbits. July 1 to Feb. 1  
Rail. October 15 to Nov. 15  
Hunting with boats one hour before or after high tide prohibited.  
Deer. August 1 to October 1  
Trout. April 1 to November 1  
Not more than 100 to be caught in one calendar day.

The killing of Tree or Pine Squirrels, the shooting of Song Birds or robbing their nests is prohibited.  
The seasons fixed by the State law for all other game apply to San Mateo County.

Violations of the game laws will be punished by fine or imprisonment. A reward of \$25 will be paid for information that will lead to the arrest and conviction of offenders.

## STATE GAME LAW.

The open season for shooting Valley or Mountain Quail, Partridge, Grouse, Sage Hen, or any kind of Wild Duck, or any Rail, Curlew, Ibis or Plover, or Deer, as fixed by the State law, is as follows:

Valley Quail, Partridge, Sage Hen, Wild Duck, Rail, Curlew, Ibis or Plover. October 15 to February 15.  
Mountain Quail and Grouse. Sept. 1 to Feb. 15.  
Doves. July 1 to Feb. 15.  
Tree Squirrel. Aug. 1 to Oct. 1.  
Male Deer. July 1 to Nov. 1.  
Pheasant and Meadow Lark, killing prohibited.  
Trout. April 1 to Nov. 1.  
Steelhead (in tide water) closed February 1 to April 1 and September 10 to October 16.  
Striped Bass. Three-pound limit.  
Black Bass. July 1 to Jan. 1.  
Salmon. Oct. 16 to Sept. 16.  
Lobster or Crawfish. Aug. 15 to April 1.  
Shrimp. Sept. 1 to May 1.  
Crabs, 6 inches across back. Oct. 31 to Sept. 1.  
Turgeon and Female Crab. Prohibited.  
Abalone. Less than 15 inches round.

## Frauds Found in Stock Yards.

Kansas City, Mo.—Evidence of the existence at the stockyards in this city of an organization of men to defraud shippers by a system of overweights and underweights was disclosed in the trial here of Jay J. Miller, a trader charged with perjury. Miller's trial is the first in the cases of eleven weighmasters and others at the stockyards indicted last year, following an investigation by a committee of the Traders' Exchange. A. J. Judy, present chairman of the finance committee of the Traders' Exchange, admitted candidly on the stand that he knew about the combine; that he profited by the thefts and was a party to them. Judy testified to having paid money to Charles Wiggins and Bruce Wrackeloff for making improper weights by which he profited.

## Bank President Sentenced.

Philadelphia.—Henry Lear, former president of the Doylestown, Pa., National Bank, which failed several years ago, has been sentenced by Judge McPherson in the United States District Court to five years' imprisonment for embezzling the funds of the bank. This is the minimum sentence. An appeal was taken and Lear was admitted to bail in the sum of \$10,000.

## Sickening Scenes at Execution.

Victoria, B. C.—News from Noumes tells of sickening scenes at an execution of an Arab by guillotine. Over a thousand spectators were present, and a guard of 150 French troops. The executioner, a novice, made a shocking blunder of the affair. The execution lasted fourteen minutes, the knife decapitating the culprit after it had been dropped three times.

good news

We have just received a large shipment of the famous Cyrus Noble whiskey.

This brand is the most popular American whiskey in the world.

It is a pure, old honest product.

It is distilled from selected grain.

It is a tonic and stimulant combined.

It is absolutely pure.



E. E. CUNNINGHAM,  
Editor and Proprietor.

Killing in the name of sport ought to belong solely to the dark ages.

The Poles say that all they want is autonomy. Russia would like to let go hers.

After you have had the grip once or twice you are cured effectually of any inclination to joke about it.

Among the football scores for the season this one stands out glaringly: "Killed, 18; seriously hurt, 159."

The woman who said that she stole to give Christmas presents must have been reading the life insurance testimony.

The wireless telegraph system is to be extended around the world, so that a man can never more get out of reach.

A New York chauffeur draws a salary of \$6,000 a year. If you can't be a French chef, young man, be an expert chauffeur.

Some of "Buffalo Bill's" Indians have taken to wearing monocles, and probably will talk Choctaw with a Cockney accent.

Mr. Cleveland and Mark Twain continue to awaken the envy of young authors by the facility with which they break into print.

King Haakon has promised the Norwegians that he will rule them according to their wishes. Evidently all Haakon wants out of it is the salary.

A Boston woman in her divorce complaint said that once her husband was all the world to her, but now he is nothing. Not even a handful of damp clay?

A writer for the Saturday Evening Post asserts that the horse is the most dangerous and deadly animal in the world. Worst of all, he proves it by official statistics.

A philosopher says that when a married woman uses her given name instead of her husband's initials something is wrong. In most cases probably it is the husband.

Senator Depew must have a pretty good idea now of where he stands. He has been dropped from the "Select Seventy-nine" of New York Society, while Harry Lehr is retained.

"At the bottom," says Mr. Eckels, "the great mass of the American people are honest." Does the gentleman wish to be understood as insinuating that their honesty is what keeps the great mass of the American people at the bottom?

The Secretary of Agriculture says that farm property in this country has increased in value \$3,400,000 a day during the past five years. It is hard, in view of the fact that no trust has assumed proprietorship of the farm property, to believe that the Secretary is not merely guessing.

Tow Sawyer's cave near Hannibal, Mo., is for sale, and a friend of Mark Twain is trying to buy it. What boy living in any part of the country would not give a million dollars, if he had so much, for the privilege of spending one summer in the neighborhood of that cave, and of playing in it when the spirit moved him that way?

Prince Khilkoff, the Russian minister of railways, is a practical man. At the beginning of the railroad strike he could not find an engineer in Moscow who would run an engine for him, so with the assistance of a fireman he himself ran an engine from Moscow to Riazan. This might have happened in America, where men of affairs are put in high office.

One might suppose that in Switzerland the milk of human kindness would be turned into ice cream by the glacial snows of the Alps. Not so. The Swiss people have lately been collecting and caring for the sparrows that fell to the ground, paralyzed by the cold of a sudden fall in temperature as they were crossing the mountains into Italy. When the birds had recovered from their chill they were put on board trains and sent farther south, where they were liberated to continue their flight.

Fresh air being a foe to disease, it is naturally a preventive. The necessity for the thorough ventilation of houses is generally recognized. But the sleeping-room is the place where the greatest benefit from fresh air may be obtained. Leave at least one window open in the advice of high authorities, in winter as in summer. No discomfort will be felt on account of cold if enough blankets are used. Those who sleep with the windows open winter and summer arise each day fresh and buoyant. In winter the effect is often as bracing as a tonic. Open bedroom windows mean better health and more joy in life than closed windows.

Who will deny that there is a peculiar appropriateness in the fact the birthday anniversary of the world's greatest humorist should have fallen on Thanksgiving day, and that upon his attainment of three score and ten an immense company of the world's

foremost men of art and letters met at his table in celebration? Mark Twain is only a humorist—a laugh-maker. He has added nothing to the world's store of science, of the classics, or the high arts. But, ah! he has generously scattered bright smiles over both hemispheres and lightened with laughter the hearts of millions. He has brought good humor and cheer to the people of the earth; he has literally contributed to the gaiety of nations; he has caused the world to turn from its troubles and laugh with him. And in all there has been no sting, no rancor; no malice has ever poisoned his wit; no ungenerous thought has ever jarred in his pure, good-natured humor. The man who can make the whole world laugh—laugh at itself—at its own follies and foibles—is well worth a moment's thought. He has led no armies; he has contributed nothing to statecraft; but he has brought a laugh and lightness of heart to more people than have all the armies of all time, and has released more human minds from gloom than any statesman ever born. He is only a humorist—a laugh-maker; and yet the most distinguished men of his time meet to do him honor, because his has been the noble mission to implant cheer and good-nature in the hearts of men.

Another season of the much-admired sport football is over. The dead are laid quietly away and most of the wounded, swathed in arnica and admiration, are hoping and perhaps praying to be out again in time for the new year's game, whether they learn anything in the meantime or not. The usual animadversion of "brutality"—an affront to the brutes, by the way, for they do not confound play and pain—has been written and spoken and the coaches and promoters have emitted the usual sniffs and probably closed contracts for next year's work at it, it is possible, an advanced wage. Perhaps there has been a little more of denunciation, as people call the mild criticisms printed, of the alleged brutality of the game, but the net result for the past season seems to have been that the game between Harvard and Yale is said to have been "real gentlemanly." True, at one point, when a Harvard man was about to make a point of some kind, a big Yale man ran up and, unseen by the other, "pasted him one" in the face, with the result that, like Bret Harte's Stanislaus man, "the subsequent proceedings interested him no more." As "reform-ing" the game is in the air and as its alleged virtues consist in the cultivation of sturdy manliness and the benefits of active exercise, it occurs to the Chicago Chronicle to offer a modest novelty in suggestion. "The twenty-two youngsters who play each game ought not to be permitted to monopolize these undoubted benefits. They do not need them half as much as the 20,000 or 30,000 more or less anemic people who gather at each 'big' game and, except in the single matter of lungs, take all their manliness and exercise by proxy. Why not apply the principle of the greatest good to the greatest number, plant the husky twenty-two who are not suffering for want of exercise on the 'bleachers,' where they can exercise their lungs, and turn the 20,000 or 30,000 spectators who so admire manliness and need exercise into the field and compel them to wallow each other in the dirt chasing the pigskin for a couple of hours? The measly thousands need these benefits and can afford to pay for them. If the benefits of football are as great as they have been represented they should be more generously distributed among those who need them and not be confined to those who do not need them."

**Sincere by Nature.**  
The physician has methods by which he determines whether or not a patient is shamming. Other people have different methods, which may sometimes be as successful as the doctor's.

"Do you believe that was a real faint of Sally Ann's, or do you think she just shammed so's to look interesting to Willy Lane, and make him offer to take her home in his buggy?" asked one of the participants in a recent picnic.

"It wasn't any sham on Sally Ann's part," said Mrs. Ricketts, to whom the appeal was made. "I should think, when you know Sally Ann wears sixes, and that she lay there with her feet sticking right straight up for everybody to see for nearly fifteen minutes, you'd realize that 'twasn't any make-believe faint!"

**Feathering His Nest.**  
The following marriage notice was clipped from a Boston paper more than half a century ago, and is kept in an old wallet with other clippings, all yellow with age.

Married in Boston, May 22, 1850, by Rev. Mr. Stow, Mr. Z. T. Taylor to Miss Mary Parrot, both of Boston.

Among all birds that fly or swim, There's but one of any use To a tailor in his business, And that one is a goose.

But here's a Taylor who has pressed His own suit very nice With a Parrot that we hope will prove A Bird of Paradise.

**She Knew.**  
"You cannot persuade me," said the knowing maiden, "that a man is really blinded by love when he notices that you have too much powder on your nose."—Baltimore American.

If the family living depends upon the horse, what good care is taken of it. But when it is a man upon whom the living depends, that's something different.

## A Little Lesson In Patriotism

Among those colonists who were distinguished for their opposition to the rule of England before the revolution



few were more conspicuous than Henry Laurens. To his influence was due the promptness with which his native State, South Carolina, joined issue with her sister States for the cause of freedom. Laurens was a man of great wealth and held in the colony. While he was in London in 1774 he was one of the thirty-eight Americans who drew up a petition to dissuade the British parliament from passing the Boston port bill.

On his return to Charleston Laurens was elected a member of the first provisional congress and drew up a form of association to be signed by all the friends of liberty. In 1776 he was elected as delegate to the continental congress, which he served as president after the resignation of John Hancock. In 1779 Laurens was appointed minister to Holland to negotiate a treaty with that country. He was seized while on shipboard. He threw his papers overboard, but they were recovered and gave proof of his mission. He was taken to London and imprisoned in the Tower for nearly fifteen months. When his son, John Laurens, was sent to Paris as an envoy his father was told that if he advised his son to withdraw from this mission his confinement would be made only nominal and was offered favor and money. He replied that his son would never sacrifice honor, even to save his own or his father's life.

## QUEEN MAUD OF NORWAY.

**Quite Democratic Is This Young Woman of Royal Birth.**

"I sometimes get tired of being royal, especially when I am looked at and 'wondered' at as though I were one of Mme. Tussaud's waxworks. I often think how glorious it must be to jump on the top of a 'bus and have a day out. I have never tried to do so yet, but I think I shall some day."

In these few words Princess Maud sketched her own character more clearly than any biographer could have done in three volumes, says a London correspondent.

The photograph was taken when King Edward's youngest daughter was on a visit to Norway. She is in the dress of a peasant woman of Har-



QUEEN MAUD.

danger, the picturesque fiord not far from Bergen.

Deservingly known as the prettiest of the king's daughters, Princess Maud long before her marriage to Prince Charles of Denmark had gained a reputation for originality. In her childhood she was always the life and soul of the English family party.

Apparently the only shade on her early life was the totally inadequate supply of dolls allowed to her and her sisters. So austere was their training that very few toys were allowed and no luxuries whatever. The Marquis of Lorne, however, managed to smuggle some fascinating dolls into the hands of the princess, and as the youngest of the family she enjoyed a few privileges which were denied to her sisters.

The simple training of early days may have been responsible for her avowed dislike to all ceremony. So entirely unaffected is her manner that on more than one occasion people have been entirely deceived by it. For instance, a stolid official once declined to allow her to say "good-bye" to the Kaiser when he was leaving Wolferton station, being unable to believe that the young lady in the simple tailor-made dress, and whom he had seen driving to the station in a dog cart, could be a princess.

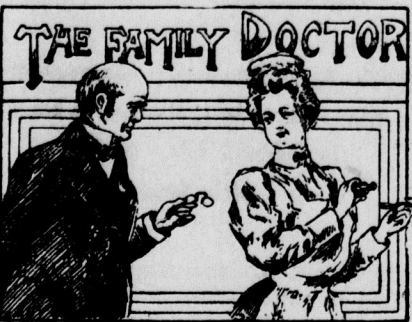
On another occasion, when she was cycling in one of the royal parks, she was stopped by a conscientious policeman who felt considerable nervousness when he discovered later the identity of the bicycling trespasser. It is also related, with what truth it is difficult to say, that at one time, when under the assumed name of Miss Mills she was staying with an old friend, a youthful clergyman, imagining her to be a young lady of his own

station, fell seriously in love, and one day startled her by a proposal.

Open-air sport of all kinds attracted her from her earliest days. When quite young she was a plucky rider, and used to set her brothers, Prince George and the late Duke of Clarence, a lively pace.

Though the open-air life has always been the one of her choice, she is a hard reader, and is also to be included in the list of royal authoresses. In Denmark much of her time was given to writing, and under the nom de plume of "Graham Irving" she was the author of one play.

It has often been confidently stated that on two occasions the prospective crown of an heir-apparent was laid at her feet in vain, and more than one minor potentate would have been glad to have remained in England as the accepted wooer of the king's youngest daughter.



**Acute Neuralgia.**—The quickest method of obtaining relief is to procure one ounce of sal ammoniac and four ounces of camphor water. Take one teaspoonful in water every five minutes until relieved.

**Bolls.**—Sulphide of calcium is frequently used with good effect. A one-fifth grain pill should be taken every three hours. A liberal dose of rochele salts should also be taken before breakfast several times a week.

**To Remove Warts.**—This may be accomplished by rubbing them night and morning with a moistened piece of muriate of ammonia. They soften and dwindle away, leaving no such mark as follows their dispersion with lunar caustic.

**Nasal Catarrh.**—Into a half pint of boiling water dissolve a teaspoonful of boracic acid and a salt spoonful of salt. Use three times a day lukewarm by pouring into the palm of the hand and snuffle into the head or by using an atomizer.

**Bunions.**—The best treatment is to apply tincture of iodine every two or three days. When the skin peels off withhold treatment for a week, meanwhile wearing cotton wool or a proper bunion plaster to prevent all pressure. Sufferers from these painful enlarged toe joints should be careful to wear good, soft boots which fit well.

**For Breaking Up a Cold.**—Anything that will set the blood into active circulation is good for a cold. Bathe the feet in hot water and drink hot water, or hot lemonade, on going to bed; take a salt water sponge bath and remain in a warm room; bathe the face in very hot water every five minutes for an hour or so; snuff hot salt water up the nose every hour or two. Four or five hours' exercise in the open air is often effective. Four or five grains of quinine taken at night will usually have a good effect. A vapor bath, followed by a cool sponge bath, is good. In bathing, one should be careful not to get chilled.

**Freezing and Frost Bites.**—A point to bear in mind is that, in case of freezing or frost bite, heat must never be applied at first. Aim at gradual restoration. Use friction, with snow or ice or cold water, and get up all the friction possible. After awhile let heat be applied in the most gentle manner possible. If, in the case of freezing, animation does not return, try artificial respiration, as in the case of drowning. If sores follow frost bites, treat with some reliable ointment. If there is much inflammation, poultice liberally. It is risky to rub frozen skin too hard. A safer way is to hold snow against the frozen spot with the warm hand till it melts and thus gradually suck out the frost. Friction of the surrounding skin may be necessary to restore circulation.

## A Pointer for Brakemen.

The brakeman bought a dozen packs of cheap playing cards.

"You're always buying cards," said the stationer, good humoredly. "What do you do with them—eat them?"

"No," the brakeman answered. "I make money out of them. I make from \$5 to \$10 a week out of them, and not by gambling, either."

"No?"  
"No. I lend them out to gentlemen in the smoking car—gentlemen that want to play whist or poker, and have no cards with them. They appeal to me, and I say I have no cards for sale, but there's a pack of my own I don't mind lending. So they use this pack, and on their journey's end, before returning it, they chip in something for its rental—a quarter or so apiece—and I net, for the loan of one pack of cards, about a dollar."

## A Criticism.

"What is your favorite poem?"

"I haven't any," answered Mr. Cumrox. "Poetry always strikes me as merely an effort on the author's part to show off how much he knows about capital letters and punctuation marks."—Washington Star.

Do the right thing by all of your friends, and you haven't anything but the core of the apple left.

"Out of sight, out of mind" doesn't necessarily imply that a blind man is crazy.

## ROOSEVELT AND A BOY.

**They Had a Jolly Informal Chat About Outdoor Sports.**

One boy—one of many—who had the honor of meeting the President now acts as if Mr. Roosevelt's eyes were constantly on him, says St. Nicholas. This lad was not a small boy when he was presented; he was big enough to play baseball with skill and energy and on ordinary occasions he was a haughty sophomore. This boy wanted to see the President, but his outward calmness was disturbed by the intimation from his sisters that he would have to make three bows as he approached the President and say, "Your excellency." The courage that had stood six hours' exposure in a heavy sea on the keel of an upturned boat weakened before this prospect. A benevolent friend corrected the alarming suggestion of the sisters by telling him that he would simply be expected to say, "Mr. President," to stand until everybody was seated and to go when the President should rise. This seemed easy; still, it was evident that the fearless athlete was reverently practicing "Mr. President" with his lips as he approached the White House. All uneasiness disappeared, however, when the President, catching sight of the boy stepped forward and called him by his surname. "Sit down!" he said, and then he began to talk about a subject dear to the lad's heart—the recent races at Poughkeepsie. Etiquette was forgotten; the boy held fast to "Mr. President," when he thought of it, in the delight of talking with somebody who "really knew" all about the ins and outs of intercollegiate races, but sometimes he forgot and merely said "you."

The boy was pained for a moment to discover that the President could not play baseball. To a near-sighted man who must wear glasses a baseball flying at large is much worse than a bullet. The lad admitted this and said afterward that "if Thackeray were alive and played baseball instead of cricket he would have had the same difficulty." The President showed him a very scientific jiu-jitsu grip. And this was followed by an interchange of lore on this interesting Japanese science of physical culture, with illustrations, in which the boy entirely forgot his fear of the "court presentation" and talked and acted with entire respect, but entire freedom. The boy seemed to think that American muscle was a match for oriental skill, but he was plainly convinced that the President had both. Questions of boxing and riding came up and the President spoke as an expert and the boy listened and talked as one who understood but felt his limitations. Young Theodore, who has this year entered Harvard, was then at school; but every now and then his father culled a bit from his son's experience in out-of-door sport. It was plain that, through sympathy in these matters, he had the same point of view as his sons. During all this interview the President was as enthusiastic on the various subjects discussed as the boy and he seemed to enjoy it as much as his boy visitor did.

The talk drew out of the President his knowledge of the games that boys love.

"When it comes to boxing or riding," he said, with conviction, "I think that my boys and I can hold our own." And several times the "we" was repeated in a way which showed that Mr. Roosevelt and his sons were to be considered a happy family of boys thoroughly in accord. It is not convenient to take his large "boy family" on his western and southern bear hunts, but the President does the next best thing. Every summer he goes "into camp" with his boys a few miles from his summer home at Oyster Bay.

## Could Give Time Value.

Dr. W. W. Keen, the noted surgeon of Philadelphia, was praising speed in surgical operations. The best surgeons, he declared, were always the swiftest. Speed was one of the great essentials of fine operations, since the briefer the period passed by the patient under the knife, the greater the chance for his complete recovery.

"On this head," Dr. Keen continued, smiling, "there is a story of a distinguished surgeon."

"He performed successfully a difficult and delicate operation on a millionaire banker's wife, and, naturally, the bill that he rendered for this operation was a large one. It was not exorbitant, but it was enough—a reasonable and just bill."

"The banker, though, thought otherwise. With an imprecation, he declared the bill to be an outrage."

"Why," he cried, "the operation only took you 10 minutes."

"The surgeon laughed."

"Oh," he said, "if that is your only objection, the next time any of your family needs an operation I'll keep them two or three hours under the knife."

## Didn't Need It by Day.

"Gee, but Bill's got a nerve!"

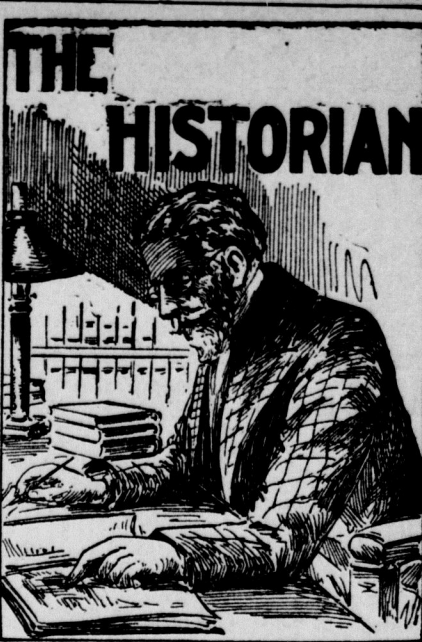
"Put me wise."

"He went to de pawnshop to soak his bed, an' wanted to know if de pawnbroker wouldn't let him take it home nights to sleep on."—Cleveland Leader.

## Tickled Him.

Manager—I want you to quit grinning in that death scene. What do you mean by it?

Actor—Why, it seems so real to me that at the salary you pay death comes as a happy release.—Cleveland Leader.



1154—Landing of Henry II. in England from France.

1421—King Henry VI. of England born.

1437—Sigismund, Emperor of Germany, died.

1527—Pope Clement VII. escaped in disguise from prison.

1540—Meeting of the Diet of Worms.

1542—Mary Stuart, daughter of James V., born.

1565—Pope Pius IV. died.

1594—Gustavus Adolphus born.

1608—John Milton, the poet, born.

1648—Col. Pride prevented 200 members of British Parliament from entering the House. Called "Pride's Purge."

1661—English Parliament ordered the body of Oliver Cromwell hung at Tyburn.

1666—Ten Scottish Covenanters executed in Edinburgh.

1688—Flight of James II.

1742—Treaty of Moscow between Great Britain and Russia.

1746—Charles Ratcliffe, Earl of Derwentwater, executed.

1770—British take possession of Rhode Island.

1777—Suspension of habeas corpus act in Great Britain.

1787—Delaware by unanimous vote ratified Constitution of the United States.

1795—Rowland Hill, "father of the British postal service," born.

1716—Indiana admitted to the Union.

1835—Ceremonies at Nuremberg marking opening of first railway in Germany.

1842—Samuel Woodworth, author of "The Old Oaken Bucket," died.

1846—Santa Ana proclaimed President of Mexico.

1848—David Carter made the first deposit of California gold in the United States mint.

1854—The Immaculate Conception declared by the Pope.

1856—Father Matthew, apostle of temperance, died at Cork, Ireland.

1861—Congress passed bill authorizing exchange of Union and Confederate prisoners.

1862—Battle of Prairie Grove, Ark.

1864—President Lincoln urged curtailment of State banks.

1868—The Gladstone ministry assumed office. . . . Paraguayan army defeated and destroyed at Villeta.

1881—Many lives lost in the burning of the Ring theater in Vienna.

1884—Washington monument at Washington, D. C., completed.

1884—Third Plenary Council closed at Baltimore.

1891—Lord Dufferin succeeded Lord Lytton as British ambassador at Paris.

1895—Great demonstration against municipal abuses in Madrid, Spain.

1897—Attempt on the life of the Sultan of Turkey.

1898—Gen. Calixto Garcia died, aged 62.

1899—Certificate of election given to W. S. Taylor as Governor of Kentucky.

1902—President Castro ordered arrest of foreigners in Venezuela. . . . Thomas B. Reed died.

1903—Four killed in railroad wreck at Worcester, Mass. . . . Gen. Reyes elected President of Colombia. . . . Japanese Diet dissolved.

1904—Labor riots begin in St. Petersburg. . . . Mrs. Cassie L. Chadwick arrested. . . . Three Russian battleships sunk at Port Arthur.



Sir William Watson has been appointed chairman of the Cunard Steamship Company, vice Lord Iverclyde. Krantz, the Czar of Russia's chef, is by tradition and position a gentleman, and has the right of wearing a sword.

The Khedive of Egypt is not only a monogamist but a teetotaler, and does not smoke—not even an Egyptian cigarette.

Prof. Cerebotani, a Frenchman, has perfected an apparatus which will transmit the peculiarities of a man's handwriting or drawing, enabling him to sign checks 1,000 miles away.

It is understood that King Edward will confer on the Mikado the decoration of the Order of the Garter, which will be conferred to his majesty by a special mission, headed by Prince Arthur of Connaught.

The King of Greece is the greatest linguist among monarchs. He reads twelve languages and speaks most of them.

The King of Spain is a skillful and fearless rider, a keen motorist, a deadly shot with either rifle or revolver, a splendid fencer, and an exceptionally clever boxer.

The young crown princess of Germany, who is popular, has set a new custom, that of carrying a stick while walking. Her royal highness has a large collection of sticks from which to select to match the costumes she wears.





Good Old Nurse.—Mrs. Callahan—Molke! Molke! Wek up; ut's toime t take y' incomin' medicine.

"I notice you never wear a watch with your evening clothes." "No; I never have both out at the same time." —Grit.

Emeline—Well, this world's a stage. Elizabeth—Yes; and the scenery is so much more satisfactory than the cast. —Brooklyn Life.

"At last," exclaimed Darwin, "I have discovered the missing link!" And reaching under the bureau he drew forth the other cuff-button.—Chicago News.

It Depends.—"Papa, what's a man who runs an auto called?" "It depends on whether he is being called by his employer or by the man he has just missed."

Caller—Your daughter, I am told, stands at the head of her class in ancient languages. Mrs. Lansing—Yes, Julie is quite a latitudinarian.—Chicago Tribune.

Yes, 'Tis True.—Adams—Do you believe it is a sign of good luck to find a horseshoe on the road? Johnson—Of course; it is a sign of good luck for some blacksmith.

"When a man starts in bragging about how honest he is," said Uncle Eben, "it allus kind o' sounds to me like he was 'pologizin' fo' not being mo' so."—Washington Star.

Considerate.—"Why is that picture turned toward the wall?" "O, that is a haying scene, and we have to hide it whenever Uncle Thomas visits us, because he is a hay fever sufferer."

Vicar's Daughter—Well, Mrs. Mulligan, did you go to church on Monday to see my sister married? Mrs. Mulligan—No, miss; I don't take no interest in weddin's—I've been to one!

Hard To Get At.—"My lord, there is honor among thieves," The justice looked at him severely. "There is gold in sea-water," he replied. "But it cannot be extracted in profitable quantities."

Hoskins—I don't object so much to Fanny kissing her dog, but I prefer her to kiss me before and not after. Wilkins—I know; but don't you suppose the dog has his preference, too?—Boston Transcript.

Little Maggie (who has company)—We've been playing garden party, mamma. Mamma—Indeed! And did you behave nicely? Little Maggie—Oh, I didn't have to behave. I was the hostess.—New Yorker.

"Ah!" said Bragg, with a view to making Miss Brightly jealous, "I was alone for a while last evening with one whom I admire very much." "Ah!" replied Miss Brightly, "alone, were you?"—Catholic Standard.

"Yes," said the bride of a week, "Jack tells me everything he knows and I tell him everything I know." "Indeed!" rejoined the ex-rival. "The silence when you two are together must be oppressive."—Home Chat.

A Hasty Remark.—Now, Tommy, I want you to be good while I am out. "I'll be good for a nickel," was Tommy's modest offer. "Tommy," said the mother, "I want you to remember that you cannot be a son of mine unless you are good for nothing."

Rigid Devotion to Duty.—"What possible comfort can you take," asked his wife, "in sitting on the pier and fishing all day for half a dozen little ring perch?" "I have the comfort of knowing," replied Mr. Kydoodle, sternly, "that I am standing out against the infamous beef trust!"

Marmaduke—Before we were married she used to say "by-by" so sweetly when I went down the steps. Montmorency—And what does she say now? Marmaduke—Oh, just the same thing, "buy, buy." Montmorency—Ah, I see! She exercises a different spell over you.—Washington Life.

"What sort of breakfast food do you like, Mr. Newcome?" asked Mrs. Starvem on his first morning in her house. "Well, ma'am," replied the new boarder, "I wouldn't mind some tenderloin steak, a couple o' poached eggs on toast, lamb chops, hot muffins, coffee and cantaloup."—Philadelphia Press.

"We don't want no flyin'-machines," said Mr. Erastus Pingley, emphatically. "Dem automobiles is bad enough." "Do you think flyin'-machines will be worse than automobiles?" "Yass, I does. When you is hit by an automobile dar you is; but when you is hit by a flyin'-machine you ain't throo yit. You has a long, hard drop comin'."—Scissors.

The musical-instrument seller had succeeded at last in working off a cheap fiddle on a customer at four times its value. "Where shall I send it?" he inquired. "To 914 — street. My flat is on the third floor." The fiddle-dealer's face fell. He had moved with his family the day before to the flat on the second floor of No. 914 — street, on a three years' agreement.—The Wasp.

Not Yet Gone.—"The age of miracles has gone," declared the Cynic.

"No, is hasn't," said the Woman. "My husband told me this morning that he noticed I was wearing last year's hat, and gave me money to buy a new one."—Baltimore American.

A girl whose parents call her "daughter" is pretty sure to be a mighty nice girl.

## HANGING OF A WOMAN.

It May Result in the Abolition of Capital Punishment.

With the execution of Mrs. Mary Mabel Rogers at Windsor it is not impossible that the last hanging has taken place in Vermont.

There has for many years been a strong feeling in the Green Mountain State that capital punishment should be abolished and on several occasions the Legislature has come close to doing away with the supreme penalty. The cold-blooded manner in which Mrs. Rogers killed her husband—enticing him to a river bank, binding him in the course of pretended play, chloroforming him and throwing him into the river at Bennington—created a demand for her execution which outweighed both the sentiment against capital punishment and the natural repugnance against hanging a woman. But, now that the woman is dead, especially as the execution was not entirely devoid of mistakes in calculation—the old feeling against the State taking human life is gaining in force. The anti-hanging forces in the Legislature will now be stronger than ever.

The case of Mrs. Rogers was the most sensational that ever figured in the annals of Vermont. The murder was committed in August, 1902, and



MRS. MARY M. ROGERS.

after her conviction she was sentenced to be executed in January, 1905. The Legislature was appealed to to interfere but refused. After that no less than three reprieves were granted, the woman coming on two occasions within a few hours of the gallows. Even the Supreme Court of the United States was appealed to on a question of constitutionality. Up to the day before the actual execution the woman had not lost hope, but the Governor refused to interfere for a fourth time. A petition signed by 30,000 women asking for clemency was ignored by the chief executive, who felt that he was not called on to interfere after the case had been so thoroughly ventilated in the courts. The woman was cool and kept up her courage to the last.

Hoskins—I don't object so much to Fanny kissing her dog, but I prefer her to kiss me before and not after. Wilkins—I know; but don't you suppose the dog has his preference, too?—Boston Transcript.

Little Maggie (who has company)—We've been playing garden party, mamma. Mamma—Indeed! And did you behave nicely? Little Maggie—Oh, I didn't have to behave. I was the hostess.—New Yorker.

"Ah!" said Bragg, with a view to making Miss Brightly jealous, "I was alone for a while last evening with one whom I admire very much." "Ah!" replied Miss Brightly, "alone, were you?"—Catholic Standard.

"Yes," said the bride of a week, "Jack tells me everything he knows and I tell him everything I know." "Indeed!" rejoined the ex-rival. "The silence when you two are together must be oppressive."—Home Chat.

A Hasty Remark.—Now, Tommy, I want you to be good while I am out. "I'll be good for a nickel," was Tommy's modest offer. "Tommy," said the mother, "I want you to remember that you cannot be a son of mine unless you are good for nothing."

Rigid Devotion to Duty.—"What possible comfort can you take," asked his wife, "in sitting on the pier and fishing all day for half a dozen little ring perch?" "I have the comfort of knowing," replied Mr. Kydoodle, sternly, "that I am standing out against the infamous beef trust!"

Marmaduke—Before we were married she used to say "by-by" so sweetly when I went down the steps. Montmorency—And what does she say now? Marmaduke—Oh, just the same thing, "buy, buy." Montmorency—Ah, I see! She exercises a different spell over you.—Washington Life.

"What sort of breakfast food do you like, Mr. Newcome?" asked Mrs. Starvem on his first morning in her house. "Well, ma'am," replied the new boarder, "I wouldn't mind some tenderloin steak, a couple o' poached eggs on toast, lamb chops, hot muffins, coffee and cantaloup."—Philadelphia Press.

"We don't want no flyin'-machines," said Mr. Erastus Pingley, emphatically. "Dem automobiles is bad enough." "Do you think flyin'-machines will be worse than automobiles?" "Yass, I does. When you is hit by an automobile dar you is; but when you is hit by a flyin'-machine you ain't throo yit. You has a long, hard drop comin'."—Scissors.

The musical-instrument seller had succeeded at last in working off a cheap fiddle on a customer at four times its value. "Where shall I send it?" he inquired. "To 914 — street. My flat is on the third floor." The fiddle-dealer's face fell. He had moved with his family the day before to the flat on the second floor of No. 914 — street, on a three years' agreement.—The Wasp.

Not Yet Gone.—"The age of miracles has gone," declared the Cynic.

"No, is hasn't," said the Woman. "My husband told me this morning that he noticed I was wearing last year's hat, and gave me money to buy a new one."—Baltimore American.

A girl whose parents call her "daughter" is pretty sure to be a mighty nice girl.



"There's no use attempting to disguise the fact that I'm growing old," said the man with the eyeglasses. He said it plaintively.

"You don't look it," said his friend, consolingly.

"I may not on a casual inspection, yet I can look in my glass and detect wrinkles around my eyes that I'm morally convinced weren't there ten years ago. My hair-brush penetrates to my scalp with greater ease than ever before. I don't say I am in the last stages of senile decay, but it's coming on me, just the same—remorselessly, inevitably creeping on me. I have to admit it, though I hate to think that I've got to get older instead of younger."

"We don't any of us grow younger," said the friend. "But I should say your appearance, in spite of your low spirits, is decidedly youthful."

"It's kind of you to insist upon it. I admit that my teeth are still good enough to masticate my food, but there are certain signs that are unmistakable. I am losing my taste for fancy vests. I used to revel in fancy vests—and neckties. But now the plaids and stripes that once I loved so well jar me a little. A plain, decorous white is the only deviation from the color of coat and trousers that I permit myself and I prefer sad tints in my cravats. Now, you could never hear my garments coming down the street. I never did anything violent in the sartorial line, but my apparel typified the joyousness and brightness of youth, I think, and I take it as a sign that in its exuberant sense that joyousness has departed."

"I wouldn't say that," remonstrated the friend. "Our tastes naturally change. I remember that I took a great notion to black at the age of 19. It lasted for two or three years. I used to go about looking as if all my best friends had died as recently as the week before."

"That's all very well, but I'll bet you didn't wear the sort of collars I'm wearing. See? Lots of room at the throat and rolled back easily. No height to it at all. And my shoes. Notice my shoes? Square toes and roomy. I could wear a shoe a size

and a half smaller than these if I chose, but I don't choose. They may not look trim, but who the dickens cares for trimness when he's getting old? Comfort is what I want and elegance be hanged. Isn't that a sure sign of old age? Don't try to conceal the truth from me."

"Doesn't naturally follow," said the friend. "I should say it was a sign of common sense, that's all. I've seen boys of 25 who were just as sensible in matters of dress."

"I'm also conscious of a growing disinclination to late hours. My wife drags me out of an evening occasionally, but it's like pulling teeth. The lethargy of age. I want to get back home and into my slippers. I went to a show the other night with Jimmie Keppel. A rattling good chorus—pretty girls and all that sort of thing—but somehow it palled on me. I yawned and wanted to go home an hour before it was over. There's something inexplicably sad about all this. Come, now, admit that I'm getting old."

"Nonsense," said the friend. "Nothing sad about it at all. A man is in his prime at 45. You enjoy life. Your mental powers are just ripening and of course the idiosyncrasy of musical burlesque doesn't appeal to you. You are physically sound as a dollar, and, as I look at you, not much the worse for wear, and—"

"The worse for wear!" echoed the man with the eyeglasses. "Well, I should say not. Say, feel that muscle. How's that for a man who takes as little exercise as I do? My boy—he's in the high school football team and he's beginning to feel his oats. I put on the gloves with him the other day and took a little of the conceit out of him. Then I beat him two inches in a standing high jump and showed him a few stunts on the horizontal bar at the club gym. I showed him the way we used to turn handsprings and I—"

"That'll do," said the friend. "You're right. You're getting old. I might pass over the other symptoms, but when a man gets to bragging about beating his boy in athletic sports, it's a case, all right. Yes, you're getting old."—Chicago Daily News.

The submarine signaling is a close rival to the wireless telegraph in the great increase that it has made in the safety of travel on the sea. One receiver is placed on each side of the ship, with separate wires from each, and by the use of telephones the officer is able to hear a bell that is being struck at a point many miles distant from the ship and determine its direction. The officer of the Kaiser Wilhelm der Grosse states that on the last trip over, when the ship was four miles distant from the River Weser, he plainly made out the signals conveyed from the lightship there. Furthermore, as the vessel neared Nantucket, and when she was about four miles distant from the lightship, he heard through the telephone the signal "66." This consists of six strokes of the bell, a pause and then six more strokes of the bell, which is the Nantucket lightship code signal. At about the same distance from Sandy Hook lightship the respective signals were distinctly audible. The value of this device in preventing collisions between approaching ships is evident, for it has this advantage over the foghorn, that the direction of the approaching vessel, whether from port or starboard, is determined at once by the fact that the sounds are audible to the port or starboard telephone.

Japanese Humor.—Among the cartoons which the soldier artists of the First Japanese Army contributed to the decorations used in celebrating the first anniversary of the victory of the Yalu was a portrait of General Linkevitch.

It was done without lifting pencil from paper. "One stroke is enough for Linkevitch," said the cartoon.

A second cartoon showed the glorious Japanese dragon-yu on top of the Russian eagle, which in turn had its claws in the back of China, while a cock (Korea) was standing disinterestedly on one side, as if waiting to see in whose pot it was to be boiled.

A Poet's Telltale Pailor.—Mrs. Plaindame gazed long and thoughtfully at a plaster cast of Shakespeare, says the Boston Transcript, then sighed, and remarked:

"Poor man! How pale he looks! He couldn't have been well when that was taken."

"He wasn't," agreed her polite host.

"He was dead."

"Oh," said Mrs. Plaindame, drawing a sympathetic breath, "that accounts for it."

Weird Pronunciations.—"You say you never play the racés?" "Never."

"But you go to the track every day?"

"Yes. I get a great deal of amusement out of the way the bookmakers pronounce the names of the horses."—Washington Star.

It is unlawful for a man to work more than eight hours a day in some States, but there is no law against a woman working eighteen hours a day at home.

## CIVILIANS AND TRANSPORTS.

Army Rules Constantly Evaded by Officers and Friends

It is reported from Washington that the war department is renewing its efforts to restrict the use of the transports to officers and soldiers of the army. Similar reports have reached us before. They make periodic appearances, but the transports continue to be filled with civilians, junketing political personages and the sisters, the cousins and the aunts of officers and men, not to mention their wives, children and servants, while the young subalterns continue to be thrust into the cramped quarters 'tween-deck to accommodate persons who never wear epaulettes or shoulder muskets.

The war department has not yet had the hardihood to deny openly that families of officers are entitled to free transportation across the seas, but it tries to limit the size of the families, not infrequently with amusing results. Not many months ago an infantry captain applied for transportation for his wife, two sisters and children. The allowance of sisters was cut down one-half, only one being given accommodations. However, he managed to ring in the rejected sister as the nurse to his child. This shrewd solution of the problem looked lovely and everybody was happy until on arriving on board the transport it was found that, while the wife and other sister were given cabin staterooms the nurse sister was assigned to the steerage quarters with the wives of enlisted men. Horrible! The roar that arose was heard 'way up Folsom street. The throats of both sexes were taxed to express their horror and indignation. The quartermaster captain was at once summoned and a lively protest made. Of course, the story came out then and the fact that the alleged nurse was really a brother officer's fair sister traveling in disguise was impressed upon the perplexed quartermaster captain, who for a time took refuge in a quiet stateroom to think out the situation. It was finally patched up in some way and both sisters taken to Manila, but the nurse trick was not attempted again by that family, although it has been successfully worked at other times.

Another officer with a wife and two sisters had a less fortunate experience only a few days ago. He had been ordered to the Philippines on special duty. His application for his wife and two sisters to accompany him was frowned upon. He thereupon wrote to the authorities, saying that his position, being on special duty, was not akin to that of those proceeding under routine orders or routine duties. He was in a class by himself, etc. Back from Washington came a telegram just before the vessel sailed giving authority for the two sisters to accompany the officer, but directing that the wife would have to be left behind!—San Francisco Argonaut.

## HUNTING THE SEA OTTER.

How Alents Procure One of the Most Valuable Fur Skins.

No landsman's still hunt affords the thrilling excitement the otter hunters spareing surrounds, says the Outlook Magazine. Fifteen or twenty-five little skin skiffs, with two or three men in each, paddle out under a chief elected by common consent. Whether fog or clear, the spearing is done only in calm weather.

The long line of bidarkas circles silently over the silver sea. Not a word is spoken. Not a paddle blade allowed to click against the bone gunnels of the skiff. Double-bladed paddles are frequently used, so shift of paddle is made from side to side of the canoe without a change of hands. The skin bidarkas take to the water as noiselessly as the glide of a duck. Yonder, where the bowriders lie mile on mile awash in the surf, kelp rafts—forests of seaweed—lift and fall with the rhythmic wash of the tide.

Hither the otter hunters steer, silent as shadows. The circle widens, deploys, forms a cordon round the outermost rim of the kelp fields. Suddenly a black object is seen floating on the silver surface of the water—a sea otter asleep. Quick as flash the steersman lifts his paddle. Not a word is spoken, but so keen is the hearing of the sleeping otter the drip of the lifted paddle has not splashed into the sea before the otter has awakened, looked, dived like lightning to the bottom before one of the alert hunters can hurl his spear.

Silently, not a whisper, the steersman signals again. The hunters deploy in a circle half a mile broad around the place where the sea otter disappeared, for they know that in fifteen or twenty minutes the animal must come up for breath, and it cannot run farther than half a mile under the sea before it reappears.

Suddenly somebody sees a round black red head poke above water, perhaps close to the line of watchers. With a wild shout the nearest bidarkas dart forward. Whether the spear throw has hit or missed, the shout has done enough. The terrified otter dives before it has breath. Over the second diving spot a hunter is stationed, and the circle narrows, for the otter must come up quicker this time.

It must have breath. Again and again the little, round, rufous head peeps up. Again the shout greets it! Again the lightning dive! Sometimes only a bubble gurgling to the top of the water guides the watchers. Presently the body is so full of gases from suppressed breathing it can no longer sink, and a quick spear throw secures the quarry.

When the small boy takes the cake he thinks that he is receiving only his just dessert.

## GOOD Short Stories

A rich heiress once said, complacently, to a very beautiful but very poor girl: "I had five offers of marriage last week." "You are more fortunate than I," said the pretty girl; "I only got declarations of love."

"Would you mind walking the other way and not passing the horse?" said a London cabman, with exaggerated politeness, to the fat lady who had just paid the minimum fare. "Why?" she inquired. "Because if 'e sees wot 'e's been carrying for a shilling 'e'll 'ave a fit," was the freezing answer.

An innkeeper once had the good fortune to entertain his sovereign, who consumed, among other things, a couple of eggs, for which he was charged a guinea apiece. "Eggs must be very scarce here," remarked his royal highness, as he scanned the bill. "No, sire," was the answer, "but kings are."

A gentleman once possessed a valuable sporting dog which was extremely clever in the retrieving of game. The owner, however, was a remarkably bad shot, and one day, on firing both barrels hastily at a rabbit, he heard a mournful howl. The next moment his dog appeared, carrying a black object in his mouth, and laid it carefully at his master's feet. The animal had retrieved his own tail.

The great opera singer, Mme. Grisi, who was married to Signor Mario, the tenor, was singing in St. Petersburg. The Emperor, the father of the present one, gave Mme. Grisi permission to walk in his private park. One morning the Emperor met Mme. Grisi, accompanied by two little girls. The Emperor saluted her, and said: "Are these two Grisettes?" "No, your majesty," replied Mme. Grisi, "those are two Marionettes."

A fire occurred on premises rented by Jews in London. The circumstances were somewhat suspicious, and an agent of the insurance company was sent to investigate. He interviewed the senior partner, and also the junior partner, as to the probable cause of the fire. This was his report: "I find that the senior partner thinks it was caused by an are light on the second floor; the junior partner thinks it was caused by an incandescent light on the first floor—but my opinion is that it was caused by an Israelite in the basement!"

Bishop Joseph Wilmer, of Louisiana, and Bishop Richard Wilmer, of Alabama, are cousins and intimate friends. In their travels in Italy one summer, the Bishop of Louisiana was pointing out with enthusiasm certain architectural beauties. The Bishop of Louisiana was bored. He said: "It's all very fine, Cousin Dick, but, nevertheless, a rich field, fragrant with the odor of new mown hay, would please me better." And the Bishop of Alabama replied: "Cousin Joe, there's not a donkey in all Italy that would not agree with you."

Chan Chun Man, head of a Canton firm employing over ten thousand hands, has been studying American industries. In Philadelphia, apropos of the Chinese awakening, he said: "China has for thousands of years been highly enough civilized to despise war. Her new-born respect for war is not an unmixed good. There is, perhaps, a little of degeneration, of barbarism, in it. But at least China will no longer be the laughing stock of nations more warlike than herself. It will no longer be possible to say of her, as a Chinese general once explained a defeat with the following report: 'The ignorant enemy, unaware that guns could not be fired against an object behind them, came upon us from the rear and thus rendered all our cannon useless.'"

Not All He Expected.—A boy who had accomplished a good deal in football but little in his studies, says a writer in the Booklovers Magazine, was dropped from one preparatory school and immediately invited to enter another. He had been there a few days when he met a member of the faculty.

"Well," said the professor, "how do you find it here?"

"Pretty fair," said the boy.

"That's good. Find it smooth going, eh?"

The boy considered. "Well, I shouldn't like to say that, exactly," he said. "The field's sort of rough yet in places, sir."

Stopped Them Easily.—A Baltimore Irishman was sent to Philadelphia by his backers, says Harper's Weekly, to box with an athlete of the Quaker city. He was getting the worst of the argument.

"Brace up!" cautioned one of his friends. "Stop more of his blows."

"Stop thim!" exclaimed the unfortunate. "Do you see anny av thim getting by me?"

More Diplomatic.—"It's almost impossible," said the fussy housekeeper, "to get a servant girl these days. You've got to keep telling them what they must do and even then they won't stay."

"Well," replied the tactful one, "I only manage to keep mine by constantly telling them what they are 'respectfully requested' to do."—Philadelphia Press.

There is small room for domestic happiness in the head filled with fashions.



# THE ENTERPRISE

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY BY  
E. E. CUNNINGHAM, Editor and Prop.

Entered at the Postoffice at South San Francisco, Cal., as second class matter, December 19th, 1905.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES.  
One Year, in advance, \$1.50  
Six Months, " " 75  
Three Months, " " 40

Advertising rates furnished on application.

Office—Postoffice Building, Co. Grand and Linden Avenues,  
SOUTH SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.  
BRANCH OFFICE, 202 Sansome St., San Francisco, Room 4, third floor.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 27, 1906.

The Southern Pacific Company has issued through the Sunset press a booklet entitled, "The Road of a Thousand Wonders." This publication describes the wonders and glories to be seen on the 1300 miles of railroad from Portland to Los Angeles. The little book is a work of art and will prove an effective factor in turning the tide of travel westward to this coast. Score one in favor of the Southern Pacific Company.

## BOARD OF TRADE LAUNCHED.

A number of the leading business men and prominent citizens of South San Francisco met by previous arrangement in the court room Wednesday evening, for the purpose of organizing a Board of Trade, to work for the interest of our town and also to work in harmony with the California Promotion Committee for the upbuilding of this community.

The meeting was called to order by J. R. Luttrell, president pro tem. On motion, Mr. Laugenbach was appointed secretary pro tem.

Mr. Harry E. Styles, an attorney from San Francisco, who will open an office here in the near future, made a number of useful suggestions as to the form of procedure and the different work to be done.

After a lively discussion as to the work to be accomplished and the good of such an organization, the following officers were elected: President, E. W. Laugenbach; Vice-President, J. L. Debenedetti; Treasurer, Bank of South San Francisco; executive committee—J. R. Luttrell, H. Gaerdes, E. S. Pike. The appointment of all other committees was deferred until the next meeting.

By request of the President, Judge E. E. Cunningham was appointed a committee of one to publish reports of the meeting. Talks were then made by different members as to the ways and means for carrying on the work. Some little discussion was had as to the dues, etc. This was left to be decided by the executive committee. It was conceded by all present that some kind of an organization should be perfected to protect our home merchants and call the attention of outsiders to this locality. Mention was made and report read of the San Mateo Board of Trade and its work for the past year. It was surely a fine showing and a credit to the energetic people of the Florio City. There is no question but that we can accomplish as much here if we put forth the effort.

Now that we have this organization well under way, let us work in harmony for the upbuilding and beautifying of our town. An organization of this kind can be beneficial in many ways. Bad debts are collected, peddlers and outsiders are compelled to pay their licenses in order to sell their wares. Fakery is kept out, the town is widely advertised. Factories and all other business enterprises are induced to locate. The attention of home seekers is called to our town. The Board, working in harmony with the California Promotion Committee, calls not only the attention of the people of California to the advantages of this place, but also excursionists and business men all over the country. Let us, therefore, all put a shoulder to the wheel and work for the interests of our town by upholding the Board of Trade.

With the number of factories we now have, and the large number of men employed therein, also with the prospects of others coming, we see no reason why we cannot double our population within the next two years. Our town is now well enough established that there need be no fear of investing here, and the constantly increasing value of real estate not only makes the investment a safe one, but also a profitable one. The increase in values the past year has been great and the coming year no doubt will see even a greater growth. Let us therefore do all we can to make South San Francisco a prosperous city and also a good place in which to live.

## THE MISSION.

The service at Butchers' Hall Sunday evening last was well attended. The pastor, Rev. T. D. Lewis, preached an old-fashioned gospel sermon from the 14th verse of the 9th chapter of Genesis, which reads: "And it shall come to pass when I bring a cloud over the earth, that the bow shall be seen in the cloud."

In part the pastor said: The deluge had swept away the inhabitants of a guilty world. It mattered not if they were prince or peasant, rich or poor, bond or free, young or old, Jew or gentile. There was no difference; the rushing waters engulfed them all, with the exception of those whose refuge was the ark. There are those who doubt the record, but none can disprove it. So many things have proved correct in their fulfillment undoubtedly this record is correct also. Many are the promises of scripture, one of which is that of the text. Another, "I will not again curse the ground for man's sake;" and yet again, "while the earth remaineth, seed time and harvest, cold and heat, summer and winter, and day and night shall not cease."

From that time till now the earth hath brought forth its increase. But how about the spiritual side of life. We are wonderful beings, created by an Almighty hand. There is within our breasts that living fire that none but God could have placed there, and about us the bow of the covenant. No Christian claims exemption from spiritual clouds. There is the spirit of enmity and discord in the world, and these are cloud producers. What we want is to be filled with the spirit of God. May we daily come to the fountain opened in the House of David for sin and all uncleanness and become partakers of the Divine Nature. May we be drawn more closely to him; the time will come when the clouds will disperse and the shadows flee away. Finally, brethren, remember the Lord searcheth all hearts, he knoweth the imagination of the thoughts; if thou seek him he will be found of thee; if thou forsake him, he will cast thee off forever. H. E.

## ADVANTAGES OF SOUTH SAN FRANCISCO AS A MANUFACTURING CENTER.

A low tax rate.

An equable and healthful climate.

The only deep water on the peninsula south of San Francisco.

Directly on the Bay Shore line of the Southern Pacific Railway and only ten miles from the foot of Market street, San Francisco.

A ship canal which enables vessels to discharge their cargoes on the various wharves already completed for their accommodation.

An independent railroad system, which provides ample switching facilities to every industry.

Thirty-four hundred acres of land in one compact body fronting on the bay of San Francisco, affording cheap and advantageous sites for all sorts of factories.

An extensive and fine residence district, where workmen may secure land at reasonable prices and on favorable terms, as homes for themselves and their families.

Waterworks with water mains extending throughout the entire manufacturing district.

Several large industries already in actual and successful operation.

## NOTICE!

For the accommodation of those having business with the South San Francisco Land and Improvement Company, its office in the Postoffice building will be open hereafter on Sundays between the hours of 8 and 11 o'clock a. m.

W. J. MARTIN, Land Agent.

## NOTICE.

Notice is hereby given that teams must not be left standing on the streets of South San Francisco without being tied to a hitching post or otherwise secured; and hereafter in every case where a team is left unsecured and runs away upon the streets of said town the driver of such team will be promptly arrested and a charge of "disturbance of the peace" placed against him.

R. J. CARROLL, Constable.

## Trade With Belgium and Holland.

Washington.—According to a report of the Bureau of Statistics of the Department of Agriculture exports for the fiscal year 1905 amounted to \$73,000,000 and our imports \$22,000,000 from the Netherlands. Our exports to Belgium in the same year were \$28,000,000 and our imports from that country \$26,000,000. The Netherlands and Belgium rank next to the United Kingdom, Germany and France in importance as markets for products of the United States. Copper exports to the Netherlands in 1905 aggregated \$20,000,000, while of the imports from that country in 1905 a very large percentage, it is said, were luxuries.

## Santa Teresa Dead.

Phoenix, A. T.—News comes from Clifton of the death there a few days ago of Santa Teresa at the age of 33 years. She was born on the Yaqui river. She possessed unusual magnetic power and studied herbs, etc., and became a notable healer among people who ignorantly ascribed to her supernatural powers. Such excitement was created by her in certain sections that she was banished from Mexico, though there was no charge of crime against her. For several years she has been living quietly in Clifton, where she was respected.

## Whole Year Getting One Cent.

Bloomington, Ill.—Illustrative of Governmental red tape was the payment last week to H. C. Phares of Weldon of one cent which the Postoffice Department owed him. Phares was postmaster several years, retiring a year ago. When the accounts were checked up it was found that one cent was due him, and it has taken just a year to settle the account.

## AN EPISODE OF 1793.

With lace of gold upon his coat,  
And powder on his wavy hair,  
A courtly smile upon his lip,  
He paused beside the scaffold stair.

The headsman waited, cowed and grim,  
With strains of crimson on his sark;  
But o'er her slender hand he bent;  
"Let me go first, the way is dark."

She wore a filmy kerchief crossed,  
A flowered gown of rich brocade;  
Her silken slippers, sewn with pearls,  
By prison floors were soiled and frayed.

When last they met his ribboned lute  
Made music in a moonlit park;  
But now their love had come to this,  
"Let me go first, the way is dark."

She gathered close the kerchief's fold,  
To hide the beating of her heart;  
But answered softly as he went,  
"Tis but a moment that we part."

The crowd grew dim, and far away,  
She seemed to hear a morning lark,  
And all his song was set to words—  
"Let me go first, the way is dark."

Though both are dust for many a year,  
These lovers of a troubled time,  
Yet knight and lady live to-day  
In sweet romance and silver rhyme.

Among the ghosts of blood and death  
They shine with love's undying spark.  
His words upon the scaffold stair—  
"Let me go first, the way is dark."  
—Frank Leslie's Monthly.

## HIS SKETCH.

It was a busy time with farmers, and Tom did not go to the village for several days, hence when he handed Miss Linton a square envelope, sealed with the letter L in blue, she was amazed to learn that their nephew's daughter, from New York, would spend the summer with them, and arrive that evening.

"How odd is she, Miss Emily?" asked Rosa, the maid, who, if company must come, hoped they would be fashionable.

"I do not know, Rosa, but suspect Bessie is but a child, for our nephew



THE GEM OF THE COLLECTION.

speaks of her as his 'little girl,' replied Miss Emily.

Tom drove to the station, and on his return, a beautiful young girl was seated in the old-fashioned barouche. Her gown far exceeded Rosa's expectations, and the quick, animated way in which she bounded from the barouche caused her aunt's heart to dwell with pride and admiration.

"Why, my dear, I thought you were a child," said Miss Linton, embracing her warmly.

"That is papa's worst fault," continued Bessie, "for he will persist in calling me his 'little girl,' in spite of the fact that I make my debut next winter. I tell mamma he will want to introduce me as one then."

She was out gathering flowers when her aunts came to breakfast, and declared she knew she would enjoy every moment of her visit.

Her kind disposition at once made friends of Tom and Rosa, but nothing she could do would win the favor of a flock of geese her aunts possessed. They became more aggressive each time they saw the results of encounters with them.

The most desperate attack occurred one morning on her way to the village. She had on a pink gown, and a large white hat, and started off merrily, singing an operatic air. On one side of the road was a wooded valley, cool and enticing, and on the other a farm where a boy was working.

Bessie was so engrossed with the scenery that she did not realize the proximity of a neighbor's flock of geese until, feeling something tugging at her skirt, she looked down and saw one large gray goose pulling at her ruffles, several picking at her shoes, while the rest were grouped about her and quacking so lustily that her blood fairly froze.

She gave one scream, and tried to jump on the railing that spanned the bridge, but her enemies proved too strong. Her screams attracted the farmer boy's attention, and he came to her rescue with a stout stick, saying: "They won't hurt you, miss; they ain't got no sense."

Her skirt was literally in ribbons. As soon as she was out of sight and hearing, a young man, who had been sketching in the valley close by, burst out laughing, saying:

"Well, that is the richest thing I have seen. What a pretty girl, and a stranger, too, I'll wager, for no one here has her style. I must ask aunt Fannie who she is."

He was doubly surprised to see her

a few days afterward, seated on his aunt's porch in company with some elderly ladies.

"There he comes," exclaimed Mrs. Vane, waving her hand to her nephew. She had been expatiating on his remarkably fine qualities, and informed her guests that he was to leave in the fall for Italy to study art.

Bessie had been an attentive listener, wondering if he could be Stella Holt's brother, of whom she had heard so much but had never met.

Gerald thought it no wonder that his sister admired Bessie Linton, for she looked so dainty and winsome, in a cool, white dress, with a spray of honeysuckle nestling in her hair.

The sketches were duly commented upon, but when the one in particular was reached, Bessie's cheeks grew crimson, and looked inquiringly at Gerald, she asked, "Where were you then?"

"Not far away," he replied, and as she laughed, good naturedly, he did also.

That was the beginning of days that seemed all too short for both, for the idea of a chaperon did not present itself to the Misses Linton, and the young people were free to roam about as they chose.

In such close companionship, Gerald fully realized what these days meant to him.

He thought it would not be fair to extract any promise from her before she had had a chance to choose for herself, among others more worthy than he. At times he feared for such opportunities to come. Then, again from some little word or sign, perhaps unconscious with her, he would see that she cared for him more than she knew, and he would take fresh courage.

In one respect he was correct, for Bessie had not analyzed her feelings for him, but when the day came for him to leave, and she thought of the future without him, her heart grew faint, and she realized that she cared for him more than as a friend.

People wondered why the belle, Miss Linton, did not marry. It was strange, indeed, for she had had scores of splendid offers, but for some unknown reason refused each suitor.

During these years she had not heard from Gerald Holt except through his family and the press. He had won a great name, was looked upon as the best artist of the city, his pictures had met with the warmest enthusiasm and been purchased by connoisseurs of both lands.

When it became known that he was to return to his home, society and the world of artists made preparations to receive him. Arrangements were made for a public exhibition of his works, and its opening was a marked success.

The artist, however, did not make his appearance until early one morning. There was a number of people present, but his quick eye scanned them all, and at last rested on one figure he remembered so well.

She, too, had gone early, as she wished to be alone when looking upon the pictures she had been so anxious to see. Among the many that graced the walls she recognized not a few familiar scenes, and her heart beat rapidly to know that the days of long ago had not been forgotten.

The gem of the collection, however, was surrounded by a number of people, and when they had departed she took a seat on one of the benches near it.

It was called "A Wayside Study," and lo, the little sketch had grown into magnificent proportions. She remembered, then, of reading that the artist had refused fabulous sums for it, preferring to retain it for his own.

She was so occupied with her own thoughts that she did not know any one was watching her. He stood gazing at her loveliness, and when she passed her glove over her eyes, came and sat down by her.

"Do you like it, then?" he asked.

Bessie looked up quickly, and saw the one of whom she had never ceased thinking. Her face grew rosy with blushes, but her eyes sparkled as she replied: "How could I help it?"

"Does it not prove to you that there has only been one woman to me since I met you? I know it must, and now that I have waited so long, do you not think that I am entitled to my original model?"

She looked up roguishly, and casting a side glance at the picture, replied, as she slipped her hand in his: "I really hope you do not mean the geese."—Philadelphia Item.

## Just Wanted to Know.

He was a new flagman at a railroad crossing in a Pennsylvania town, says the Philadelphia Public Ledger, and his hours were from seven in the morning until seven at night; but he was instructed not to leave until the "Limited" express, which was due at the crossing at two minutes before seven, had safely passed.

All went well for about a month. But one night the Limited had not passed at seven o'clock. About twelve minutes past seven the gateman heard it in the distance, and taking a good grip on his red lantern, he planted himself in the middle of the track of the Limited.

The engineer was trying to make up lost time, and the train was speeding, but he brought it to a standstill at the first wave of the red light. He jumped off his engine and ran ahead to find out why he was signaled.

"What made you signal?" he demanded, angrily, seeing no evidence of danger.

"What kept ye?" calmly questioned the gateman.

Feminine beauty should appeal to the heart rather than to the eye.

50 YEARS' EXPERIENCE

# PATENTS

TRADE MARKS  
DESIGNS  
COPYRIGHTS & C.

Anyone sending a sketch and description may quickly ascertain our opinion free whether an invention is probably patentable. Communications strictly confidential. Handbook on Patents sent free. Oldest agency for securing patents. Patents taken through Munn & Co. receive special notice, without charge, in the

**Scientific American.**  
A handsomely illustrated weekly. Largest circulation of any scientific journal. Terms, \$3 a year, four months, \$1. Sold by all newsdealers.

**MUNN & Co.** 361 Broadway, New York  
Branch Office, 525 F St., Washington, D. C.

## IF YOU WANT GOOD MEAT

Ask your butcher for meat from the great Abattoir at South San Francisco, San Mateo County.

Support Your Local Paper and  
SUBSCRIBE FOR  
**THE ENTERPRISE**  
\$1.50 per Year.

## South San Francisco Laundry

C. GRAF, Prop'r.

Washing called for and delivered to any part of South San Francisco. Special attention paid to the washing of **Flannels and Silks.**

All Repairing Attended to

Your patronage respectfully Solicited. Leave orders at **BADEN CASH STORE,** South San Francisco, Cal.

## UNION COURSING PARK

The Finest Inclosed COURSING PARK In the World

IS NOW IN OPERATION AT

**COLMA, SATURDAYS and SUNDAYS.**

ADMISSION 25 CENTS.

Ladies and Children Free.

**E. E. CUNNINGHAM,**

## REAL ESTATE

—AND—

## INSURANCE

LOCAL AGENT FOR THE

**South San Francisco Land and Improvement Co.**

...AGENT...

**HAMBURG-BREMEN,  
GERMAN-AMERICAN,  
PHOENIX of Hartford, Connecticut,  
AND HOME of New York**

**FIRE INSURANCE COMPANIES.**

**House Broker.**

**Notary Public.**

OFFICE AT POSTOFFICE,

Corner Grand and Linden Avenue,

SOUTH SAN FRANCISCO CAL







## PRESCIENCE.

Still the sky was gray and grim,  
By the winter's breath congealed;  
Bare and gaunt were bush and limb,  
White and bleak were moor and field.  
But beneath the frozen sod  
Stirred a host of blossoms, shy,  
Saying, with triumphant nod:  
"Spring is nigh!"

Through the grove a rustle crept;  
Neighbor unto neighbor spoke;  
Dryads who for long had slept  
In their cells of bark awoke,  
Felt a subtle, eager thrill,  
Stretched their arms, by rigor numb,  
Passed the word o'er vale and hill:  
"Spring is come!"

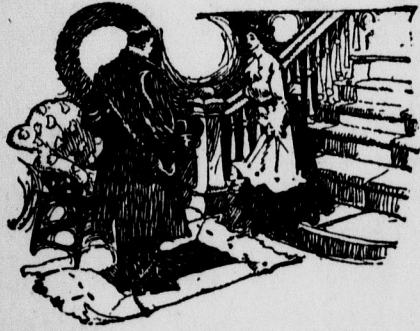
"Blind, insensate things!" I thought,  
"All the world is ice and snow;  
Yours a hope too dearly bought,  
As a few short days will show.  
Spring, you prate? When deep amid  
Frost and drift lie leaf and spear!"  
But, behold, e'en while I chid  
Spring was here!  
—New England Magazine.

## THE CASE OF FLORA.

WILLIBERT FRAHEY was already spoken of as "an old bachelor" when he first went to board with Mrs. Albrecht. He was 28 then, a man of somewhat particular habits, none of them very sociable. What he wanted was a quiet, comfortable place to board, as homelike as possible and free from any annoyance from other boarders. He offered Mrs. Albrecht unimpeachable references and demanded the like of her, caution being his strong point. Even then he would only take the room for a week, having his doubts of Flora Albrecht, a miss of 14. He feared she might be noisy and he wanted to try the place before he definitely settled down.

At the end of the week, however, he sent for his trunks, congratulating himself upon the circumstance of having at last found something that suited him. Mrs. Albrecht was a quiet, neat, self-contained little woman who did not bother him with attempts at conversation, kept his room in perfect order and gave him a good breakfast and dinner. What more could he want? As for Flora, the lanky daughter with the usually tousled mane of light hair, Frahey saw scarcely anything of her heard less.

On his part, Frahey was a model boarder, quiet, regular and prompt in his settlements. He paid monthly now. The experimental stage had passed and as far as he knew he was willing to spend the rest of his days with the Al-



WITH AN AIR OF EMBARRASSMENT.

brechts. He went down to the wholesale grocery house, where he had an excellent position, every morning at 8 o'clock and returned at 6:30—in time for dinner. Sometimes he spent the evening in his room, reading an improving book, sometimes he went out to hear an improving lecture.

Frahey was totally indifferent to the budding charms of Flora, who was really as hearty and wholesome a girl as need be. It was a year or two before she began to bud at all—two years at least before Frahey took any notice of the fact. She wore her first pompadour for three evenings before he observed even that. A year later or thereabouts Frahey, meeting her in the hall, saw that she was wearing an uncommonly attractive white dress and mentally remarked that she had beautiful white teeth that showed to advantage when she smiled.

Then Flora went away somewhere to take a course of the higher education. Perhaps Frahey missed her, but he hardly knew. It is certain that in a general way and without any reference to anybody in particular he had occasional thoughts of settling down in a home of his own. It would be nice to have some one to read the improving books to and to take to the improving lectures. That was all it amounted to—just hazy general thoughts.

But when Flora returned a year later with charms that now began to blossom from the bud his reflections became more definite.

"I'd best go slow about this," he said to himself. "A man needs something more than pearly teeth and a rosy complexion to make him comfortable."

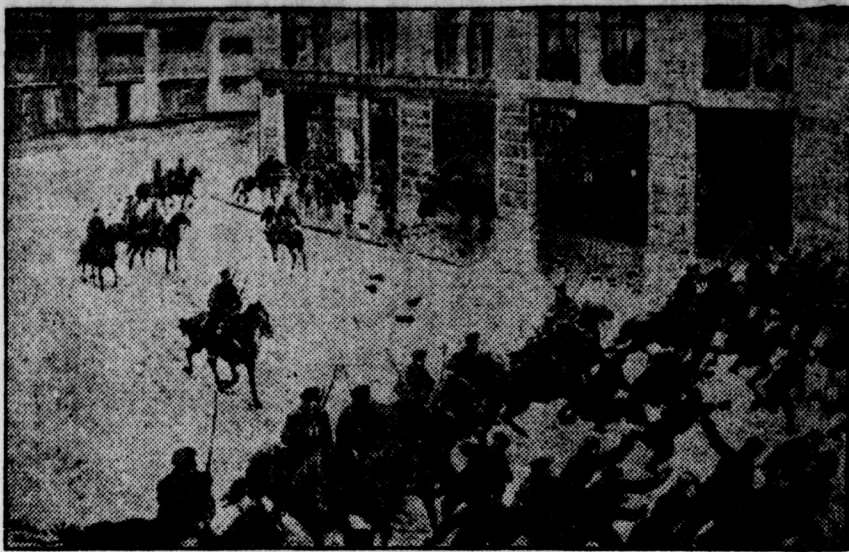
So he did not encourage her, though, when she went away the following June for her second year, he bought her "The Stones of Venice" and the North American Review to read on the train for which she was very grateful.

Time passed and Flora came back. On the evening of her arrival what he called her improvement almost took Frahey's breath away. Her former prettiness had become actual beauty and her conversation, which Mrs. Albrecht no longer attempted to restrain, was bright.

The next morning Frahey met Flora on the stairs and as he stood aside to let her pass she, too, stopped.

"Mr. Frahey," she said, with a charming air of embarrassment,

## COSSACKS OF THE CZAR.



News dispatches from various parts of Russia report how the Cossacks have made brutal use of their sabers and whips against the excited people. The Cossack's whip is an instrument of torture, and it is used by these semi-barbarian followers of the Czar with wonderful expertness. Generally the whip has but one thong or lash; occasionally it has two or three. The end of each thong is loaded with a bit of iron or lead to render the pain and wound inflicted more intense. A Cossack has been known to pick an eye from a man's face with a blow of his miniature knout. He can split an apple on a man's head with a cut of the lash, and he can snip off the burning end of a match held in a comrade's fingers. But no thoughts as to accuracy of stroke govern him when confronted with a vengeful, howling mob. Then he simply lays about him with the full strength of his lusty arm, and the recipient of the blows will remember for a lifetime that he has had an encounter with these derided hirelings of absolutism.

The Cossacks are said to be of Tartar origin. They generally inhabit the steppes of Russia about the lower Don and Dnieper, but are found in lesser number in eastern Russia, Caucasia and Siberia. Ethnologists are uncertain as to their origin, but their nucleus is supposed to have consisted of refugees from the ancient limits of Russia forced by hostile invasion to adoption of military organization, and later into a more or less free tribal existence. They have indulged in many unsuccessful revolts against the Czars, ending in their subjection, but they retain various privileges. With regard to their military prowess they were surrounded with a certain amount of romance, like the French zouave and the Prussian uhlan; but the war with Japan has tended to dispel much of the glamour that attended their alleged exploits.

The Cossack was supposed to be unparalleled as a scout—in fact, he was supposed to be the eye and soul of the Czar's legions. But the unpretentious cavalryman of the Mikado has shown that as a scout and fighter he ranks as high, if not higher, than the vaunted Cossack. The Cossack generally is armed with a rifle without bayonet, and with a sword, which has no scabbard. The front ranks of most Cossack regiments also carry lances. At the beginning of the war with Japan it was estimated that there were 130 regiments of Cossacks of six squadrons each and eighteen of four squadrons, besides fifty-three independent squadrons. Army service with them begins at the age of 18 and lasts for twenty years, seven of which is in actual service, and generally they provide most of their own equipment.

"mother tells me that some of your things need mending. There are—er—some socks that need darning and other things. You know, mother never had much time for such things, but I have, and—I wonder if you would let me try my hand at them."

What would you have thought in such a case?

At first the mending and darning were done rather roughly and unskillfully, but Frahey didn't care for that—not a cent. He would have had to throw the socks away in any event. But the improvement was rapid and in a short time an incredible neatness was shown in the darns. Within a week Frahey, commenting on the excellence of the bread at table, was informed that Flora had made it.

Still Frahey hesitated, not from any misgiving now, but from sheer diffidence. He brought books often now and candy once or twice. Gradually he tried to accustom himself to the idea of an engagement and matrimony. He had long reveries in the solitude of his room.

One evening he was indulging his fancy in this way when he thought he heard voices on the steps below his window. His room was on the second floor. Yes, one of the voices was Flora's. It was her laugh. The other voice was manly.

A chill of apprehension came over Frahey. He approached his window and stealthily, noiselessly raised it and listened. He was just in time.

"No, dear," Flora was saying; "I won't consider anything but house-keeping and, Dick, you have no idea how domestic I am getting. I can do lots of things—cook, make bread, mend, darn socks—I've been practicing on Mr. Frahey's poor man. But he was very sweet over my early failures. I used to think him such an awful crank, but lately he's got to be just the dearest old thing."

Frahey shut down the window hastily.—Chicago Daily News.

### HON. JOHN C. SPOONER.

President Will Depend Much Upon Him This Session.

There are two important matters of legislation before the present Con-



HON. JOHN C. SPOONER.

gress in which President Roosevelt will depend upon Senator John C. Spooner, of Wisconsin, for considerable assistance. One is the Panama Canal legislation and the other railroad rate regulation. On two previous

occasions he saved the Panama Canal legislation and the President sees in him his chief reliance in the coming debate on that subject. What part he will take in the Senate fight on the railroad matter has not been outlined, but he is a recognized authority on constitutional questions and is the legal adviser of the Senate leaders. He is also chairman of the Committee on Rules.

Senator Spooner is 62 years old, a graduate of Wisconsin University and a Civil War veteran. He is in the Wisconsin Legislature as a young man and sat in the United States Senate from 1885 to 1891, when William F. Vilas succeeded him. In 1892 he was defeated for Governor, and in 1897 was elected Senator at Washington, being re-elected in 1903. President McKinley on several occasions offered him places in his cabinet, which he declined. He is one of the really great men of the Senate.

### A LITTLE LESSON IN ADVERSITY.

So accustomed are we to think of Gen. Philip Sheridan entirely as a military hero that adversity naturally suggests to mind the thought of battlefield and war. But Sheridan's first fights were not won on battlefields, and his first combats were in a little town of western Ohio against a force that has killed more men than war—poverty.

Sheridan was 12 years old when he went to work in a country store. His wages amounted to 50 cents a week. He was industrious and he was capable. How the boy ever managed to live on such a stipend is cause for wonder. He lived at home, but the family was correspondingly poor. Nearly two years afterward Sheridan was receiving a dollar and a half a week, and at the age of 17 he was acting as bookkeeper and manager at the munificent salary of \$3 weekly.

He had cherished ambitions of becoming a soldier. He now applied to a member of Congress for appointment to West Point. The Representative was pleased with Sheridan's ambition, determination and the power he had already exhibited of conquering obstacles, and though most of the places in the military academy were given to sons of veterans of the Mexican war, he secured the appointment for the young man.

Sheridan realized keenly his need of wider knowledge, and would often hang blankets in the windows of his room in order to be able to study after the signal had sounded for lights out. His later career is a matter of history. But that it was won by the same determination that overcame the narrow environments and petty opportunities of a little village and carved success for himself is evident to all who read his story.

Men and women get along surprisingly well, considering how much the men know about the women, and how much the women suspect about the men.

# PAPERS BY THE PEOPLE

## THE AMERICAN SPIRIT OF UNREST.

By Mayor George B. McClellan.



G. B. McCLELLAN.

The country needs men of thought and men of learning, and needs them badly. The man who thinks may be a greater patriot than the man who does. It has been said that no amount of means and light will avail unless accompanied by action, which is the same as saying that the brain would be useless without the power of expression. We have defined action as the two prizes of thought. The good old motto, "Act in haste; repent at leisure," no longer stands at the top of our copy books. We have so persistently preached the doctrine of action that we are almost convinced that any action is better than none.

We suffer from the spirit of unrest, which frequently prompts us to ill consider and take thoughtless action often merely for the sake of doing something. We are inclined to applaud the man who does, not so much because he accomplishes anything useful as because he accomplishes something, be it good, bad or indifferent. This spirit of unrest permeates our whole national life, political, social, educational. Contentment bids fair to be banished from our existence. He who is content is sneered at as being without ambition. Contentment and happiness are synonymous, but we refer to both in a struggle for the obtainable. Were our ambitions laudable our state of mind would be most comfortable, but unfortunately we scarcely know what we are striving for.

## THE ARMY AND ITS DETRACTORS.

By Secretary of War Taft.



SECRETARY TAFT.

The statement that the American army is "rotten" is the result of an extreme prejudice and hostility against an organization concerning which the detractor has no knowledge. Our army is in an excellent state of efficiency. It is lacking in men for service at the coast defenses and in that respect must be increased somewhat in the next two or three years. In all respects, man for man, our army will challenge comparison with any army in the world.

The army is rather a skeleton army than an organization for the field. It is much larger in cavalry and artillery in proportion to the infantry than it would be for campaign purposes. It would take comparatively short time to increase our infantry arm, and a much longer time to increase the cavalry and artillery branches of the line. The army has not had the educational benefit of extensive maneuvers that large European armies have, and perhaps there would be less experience on the part of our officers in commanding forces in the field than there would be among European commanders.

In the Philippine uprising it became necessary to divide the army into 600 posts, and thus to have a great many independent commands by captains and lieutenants, and in some cases by noncommissioned officers. This was a great strain upon the discipline of the army, but it showed a capacity of the American soldier, the noncommissioned officer and the company commander to exercise successfully the responsibilities of separate commands in a way, I venture to say, that could have been equaled in no other army.

The constant offer of better wages and greater opportunities to improve themselves furnished in the United

## FARMER REFUSES \$16,500 PENSION MONEY.

William S. Elliott, a farmer near Kokomo, Ind., has refused to accept a government pension that has accumulated until it amounts to \$16,500. He has been notified time and again that the money is ready for him. His conscience will not permit him to take the money, he says. When pressed for particulars he replies:



W. S. ELLIOTT.

"What claim have I on the government? I did only my plain duty, and am not entitled to any reward for that."

Elliott was a private in Company H, One Hundred and Forty-seventh Indiana Infantry, and was six months in service during the Civil War. For several weeks he was in the hospital at Harper's Ferry, suffering from illness that resulted in a disability that became permanent. This, he says, could have happened to him at home as well as in the army.

"Yes, my pension is lying in the department unclaimed," said Elliott. "It amounted to \$15,000 three years ago, and I suppose it amounts to \$16,500 now. I do not need the money, neither does my family. If I felt that I had earned the money I would take it, but I am unable to figure out how I am entitled to it. I have a large and productive farm, well stocked, and everything to make me comfortable. I have earned these conveniences by daily labor."

"Suppose I had taken the \$30 a month pension and I and my children had lapsed into idleness, as so many would under the circumstances? The gift would be a curse instead of a blessing."

### President Eliot's Simple Life.

President Eliot, of Harvard, lives a life of the greatest possible simplicity. After seventy years of life, more than half passed as head of the university, he declares that one of the most desirable satisfactions of his life comes from having had nothing to do with the attainment of wealth. Erect, light of foot and alert as a youth, he eats well, sleeps well, walks rapidly with his shoulders thrown back, and is as eager to get new facts as when he entered Harvard as a student fifty-six years ago. "I am satisfied with the rewards of my life," he said, simply.

Better a temperance pledge than a pawnbroker's.

States by prosperous conditions leads a larger proportion of the enlisted men to desert than in countries where conditions are not so favorable to earning a living. But in wartime we have never had the slightest difficulty in enlisting more men than we needed.

## CONSUMPTION IMPROVES THE HUMAN RACE.

By G. Archdall Reid.



Tuberculosis injures the individual but confers resisting power on the race. Every race is resistant to every disease strictly in proportion to its past experience of it. Thus Englishmen, who have suffered much from tuberculosis, are more resistant to it than West African negroes, who have suffered less, and much more resistant than Polynesians, who have had no previous experience of it. Englishmen, under given conditions, contract the disease less readily, or, if infected, recover more frequently, or, if they perish, do so after a more prolonged resistance than negroes and Polynesians.

In America, when negroes were first taken to it, the disease prevailed to a comparatively slight extent, especially amongst the agricultural population; but the conditions slowly became worse, and the descendants of the early slaves underwent concurrent evolution. To-day they are able to persist in the Northern cities, though their death rate there is abnormally high. But though a constant stream of negro slaves and soldiers was poured for centuries into parts of Europe and Africa, they have left no trace on the population. All perished in a few generations, the elimination being so stringent as to cause extinction, not evolution. It is tolerably certain that a fresh immigration of African negroes to America would end disastrously.

It is not necessary, of course, to believe that variations are never caused by the direct action of environment. Presumably the insusceptibility of the germ-plasm is due to evolution, and evolution is never perfect. It is only necessary to believe that in circumstances normal to the species the insusceptibility is so high that the amount of variation produced by the direct action of the environment is so minute as to be negligible—that is, not a cause of racial change.

## HOW TO MAKE HAPPY MARRIAGES.

By Mrs. T. P. O'Connor.

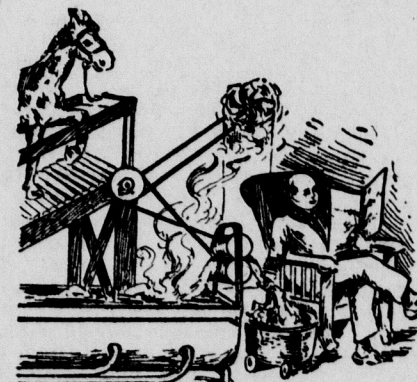


Marriage is an institution of the State; therefore she should put it out of the bounds of possibility that people can marry each other in two days or a week. How many marriages would be broken off if the State required a three years' engagement before people are married? After all, if a woman wants to become a nun in two months, no convent in the world will accept her. She must be a novice for two or three years; during that time she has to make an examination of her conscience every day and to find out if she has a vocation for a nun.

But women and men marry without the slightest preparation, without the slightest thought of the future, while Nature laughs at her most odd pairings. She wants her world peopled, that is her part; the men and women who are ill-suited to each other are not her affair.

Girls and boys at school should be taught to look upon marriage as the most beautiful, the happiest, the most desirable and the most possible thing in the world. Boys should be taught to keep their minds and their bodies pure for the state which they will probably enter, and to have a sense of protection and loyalty to girls; and girls should be taught industry, self-sacrifice and responsibility for the married state.

## WHEN MEN DO HOUSEWORK.



When men move furniture they will have in the house a set of adjustable trucks.

No man will ever stand by the side of an ironing board until his heel bones push through up his legs to his spine and bore holes in the base of his brain. He'll fix up a steel wringer, heated by artificial means and run by some power other than that lodged in his strong right arm. The necessities, the conveniences, even the luxuries that will make play out of labor will find a place in the home when man usurps the throne.

But there isn't a man who is more than half the time ignorant of the lifting and tugging and hard labor that his wife is doing. Because he is ignorant he has to be told. When a wife asks her husband to buy a horse to run her washing machine or to turn her wash wringer he will begin to wake up.

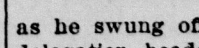
It costs money to fit up a house with labor and strength-saving devices. But it costs money to buy drills, drags, roll-top desks, etc., and to hire office boys and janitors.

If father can afford to hitch an expert stenographer to his correspondence, a woman is justified in demanding an air plant to sweep her rooms, and improved machinery to do the heavy housework.—Cynthia Grey, in Chicago Journal.

## RAILROAD CONDUCTOR WHO GOT \$10,000 JOB.

Gov. Higgins of New York made a sudden transformation in the position of Henry N. Rockwell, a railroad conductor, by appointing him a member of the State Board of Railroad Commissioners, a post paying \$10,000 a year.

Rockwell, who has been in railroad service 40 years, was at his usual work on the Empire State Express when it pulled into Albany, as he swung off to get his orders, a delegation headed by the Governor's secretary, approached and handed him an elaborately decorated document which made him railroad commissioner. He is 56 years old. As a boy he was an office boy in a railroad office, where he learned telegraphy. He became successively operator, assistant



H. N. ROCKWELL.

dispatcher, assistant conductor, and conductor in the service of the New York Central. In an interview he said he does not believe in government ownership of railroads and that in his belief a railroad operative gives the best service after he has reached 40.

### He Knew Mankind.

A group of microbes were conversing on the lip of a pretty girl.

Suddenly a young microbe burst in upon them, greatly excited. "Doomed!" he cried. "We are doomed! Mankind has discovered that kissing is the chief cause of our multiplication."

But the others laughed easily, and an old, wise microbe said: "Don't worry, lad. Despite that discovery, we'll still continue to multiply at the same old rate."

There is a difference: A woman can laugh if a man shocks her, but when a woman shocks a man, he couldn't laugh if some one tickled him.

The patch is apt to come off in a patched-up quarrel.



# CATARRH ANNOYING-DANGEROUS

Catarrh is usually regarded as nothing more serious than a bad cold or slight inflammation of the inner skin and tissues of the head and throat, when it is, in fact, not only a vexatious and troublesome disease, but a complicated and dangerous one. It is true that Catarrh usually begins with a cold in the head, but when the poisons, which are thrown off through the secretions, find their way into the blood, it becomes a constitutional trouble that affects all parts of the body. It has more annoying and disgusting symptoms than any other disease. There is a sickening and offensive discharge from the nostrils, a constant buzzing noise in the ears, headaches and pains in the eyes are frequent, while filthy, tenacious matter drops back into the throat requiring continual hawking and spitting, and in certain stages of the disease the breath has an odor that is very offensive. Catarrh is worse in winter, because the cold weather closes the pores and glands, and the poisons and unhealthy vapors which should pass off that way are thrown back on the tender linings and tissues, causing the inflammation which starts the unhealthy secretions to be absorbed by the blood. When the blood becomes diseased with this catarrhal matter all kinds of complications may be looked for. As the blood circulates through the body the foul matter finds its way into the stomach, ruining the digestion and producing chronic Dyspepsia, or Catarrh of the stomach. It also affects the Kidneys, Bladder and other members of the body, while the general health is weakened, appetite lost and the patient feels despondent and half sick all the time. But worst of all, if the trouble is not checked the lungs become diseased from the constant passage of poisoned blood through them, and Catarrh terminates in Consumption, the most fatal of all diseases. You cannot get rid of Catarrh by treating it with sprays, washes, inhalations, etc., because they only reach the membranes and tissues, while the real cause of the trouble is in the blood. These relieve the annoying symptoms for a time, but the poison is all the while getting a stronger hold on the system and when they are left off will manifest itself in worse form than before. S. S. S. is the greatest of all blood purifiers, and when it has cleansed the blood, this pure, rich stream circulates through the body, carrying healthful properties to the diseased parts. Then the inflamed membranes and tissues begin to heal, the discharges cease, the general condition of the system is strengthened, every one of the annoying and disgusting symptoms pass away, and the patient is left in perfect health. S. S. S. is the best remedy for Catarrh. It goes right into the blood and removes all effete matter and catarrhal poison and cures the disease permanently, and at the same time builds up the entire system by its tonic effect. S. S. S. is a purely vegetable remedy—non-injurious to the system and a certain, reliable cure for Catarrh. Catarrh sufferers will find our free consulting department helpful in advising local treatment to be used with S. S. S.

## S.S.S.

**PURELY VEGETABLE.**

THE SWIFT SPECIFIC CO., ATLANTA, GA.

### A Little More Credible.

A man who had been shooting on Cape Cod returned by train, and a stranger who was obliged to share his seat entered into conversation with him, and asked if he had had good sport.

"Very good, indeed," replied the sportsman. "We got one hundred head to two guns."

"You don't say so?" ejaculated the stranger, apparently lost in astonishment at the size of the bag. "Double-barreled guns, I suppose?"

**FITS** permanently cured. No fits or nervousness after first day's use of Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer. Send for FREE \$2.00 trial bottle and treatise. Dr. R. H. Kline, Ltd., 901 Arch Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

### Mistaken.

"Great Britain is going to send over a commission to investigate our asylums."

"How stupid those Britons are! They think all our idiots are in asylums."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Mothers will find Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup the best remedy to use for their children during the teething period.

### Objection.

Sandy Pikes—Wouldn't like to be a rich lady's poodle? Why, yesterday yer told me it was a snap.

Gritty George—Yes, but to-day I read about de number of baths those pet dogs take every day.

I am sure Piso's Cure for Consumption saved my life three years ago.—Mrs. Thos. Robbins, Maple Street, Norwich, N. Y., Feb. 17, 1900.

### Did Her Best.

Mistress—Now, after this I shan't allow you to have company in the kitchen every evening.

Maid—That's nice av yez, mum, but sure, me beau's that bashful I can't git him to set in the parlor!—Cleveland Leader.

### No Going Behind That.

Bridget (after taking up the caller's card)—She ain't at home, ma'am.

Caller—Really? Are you sure?

Bridget—Faix, Oi am not, but she seems to be.—Philadelphia Press.

# CASTORIA

The Kind You Have Always Bought has borne the signature of Chas. H. Fletcher, and has been made under his personal supervision for over 30 years. Allow no one to deceive you in this. Counterfeits, Imitations and "Just-as-good" are but experiments, and endanger the health of Children—Experience against Experiment.

## What is CASTORIA

Castoria is a harmless substitute for Castor Oil, Paregoric, Drops and Soothing Syrups. It is Pleasant. It contains neither Opium, Morphine nor other Narcotic substance. Its age is its guarantee. It destroys Worms and allays Feverishness. It cures Diarrhoea and Wind Colic. It relieves Teething Troubles, cures Constipation and Flatulency. It assimilates the Food, regulates the Stomach and Bowels, giving healthy and natural sleep. The Children's Panacea—The Mother's Friend.

The Kind You Have Always Bought Bears the Signature of

*Chas. H. Fletcher*

In Use For Over 30 Years.

THE CENTAUR COMPANY, 77 MURRAY STREET, NEW YORK CITY.

### CRAFTSMAN AND PRINCE.

Member of Royal House of Serbia Works in Precious Metals.

A prince who leads the simple life of a cunning craftsman in gold and silver is asking for the verdict of the English people in an exhibition of his work at the Leicester galleries in Leicester square, says the London Express.

He is Prince Bojidar Karageorgevitch, a member of the reigning house of Serbia. But he knows little of his native land. Since he was born in Roumania in 1862, he has been an exile and he has lived in Paris for the greater part of his life.

"It is just two years," he said to an Express representative, "since I determined to go in for this kind of work and entered the workshop of a gold and silver smith. I had much to put up with at first. My comrades laughed and jeered at me, but I persevered and took no notice."

"Then they saw that I was in earnest and the happiest and best days of my troubled life are spent among these simple, honest fellows, working side by side with them and sharing their simple fare."

"I hope that in England my work will be judged on its merits. If it is I shall be content, whether the verdict be favorable or adverse."

Flowers and leaves are the prince's chief models and he follows them with an artistic fidelity which gives the most delightful results.

A silver coffee spoon with a handle of violets, a dessert knife with delicate traceries of leaves, an ice-cream stand in the form of a Christmas rose and a dainty cluster of snowdrops which forms a drinking vessel are some of his notable achievements.

His treatment of gold buttons for ladies shows the true artist. An identical set annoys him and he does not like a set of isolated designs. The result is a set which, although differing in each individual button, has a continuous idea running through it. There is the bud, the half-opened bloom, the full flower and the seed pod, and this idea carried out in violets and bluebells is peculiarly effective.

### Left Over Chicken.

A nice way to use up a little left over chicken is to rice it. Butter some cups and line with soft boiled rice, fill in with the chicken broth, cover with the rice and bake in a moderate oven. Invert the cups carefully so as to keep their shape on a hot platter and serve with a cream sauce or a little drawn butter.

### Looking for Solace.

"Charley, dear," said young Mrs. Torkins, "we have one satisfaction."

"What is it?"

"The money you have given the bookmakers at the races means that much less for wicked insurance directors and trust promoters."—Washington Star.

### Unsolvable.



Clown—The manager says that this is a problem play.

Sue Brette—What's the problem?

Clown—Where our salaries are coming from.

### Okra an Acquired Taste.

The okra plant, or the gumbo, as it is commonly called, somewhat resembles that of the cotton, though having much larger and rougher leaves and a thicker stem. Its flowers are similar to those of the cotton in size, shape and color, are always single, and there is very little variation between those of different varieties.

Okra has no great food value, and it is not probable that it will ever become a very important crop commercially, but a few plants form a desirable addition to the vegetable garden. It is used principally for flavoring soups and preparations wherein meat forms an important part, and to these it adds a very pleasant taste and mucilaginous consistency. Some persons may not enjoy the flavor of okra at first, but after eating a few times of dishes containing it a taste for it is acquired.

### Too Much for Him.

"Wot be 'ee a-doin' 'ere, Giles?"

"Oh, I've left Varmer Hodges."

"Wot for?"

"Well, three months ago a cow died and maister salted 'en an' we eat 'en. Then a pig died, and maister salted 'ee and we eat 'ee. Then the week after last the maister's mother-in-law died, and I seed the maister goin' upstairs w' a bucket o' salt, so I left."—The Tatler.

### Easy.

"The editor returns everything I send him lately. He's sore at me, I guess. I wish I knew what to do to put him in a good humor."

"I know."

"Well?"

"Don't send him anyt'g."—Cleveland Leader.

Clarence Fitzhaucau's Retort.

"No, I have no dinner for you," said the housekeeper sternly, "and don't you come here after dinner again."

"Beg pardon, lady," replied the tramp, "but I didn't s'pose you'd have dinner over dis early in de day. Y' ain't very stylish, are yer?"—Philadelphia Press.

### Not Built For Two.

When Michael Burke joined his brother James in this country, the money he brought over, added to James's savings, enabled them to go into the ice business. In course of time their custom increased, and it became necessary for them to have an office. In this James soon installed a nice roll-top desk.

"The one desk will do for the two of us," he explained, the day it was set up. "And here are two keys; one for you, Micky, and one for me."

Michael accepted the key, but seemed to be studying the desk.

"That's all right," he said. "But where is my keyhole?"

### Fair Warning.



Brown (whose wife has told him to give the cook notice, and has been having rather an unpleasant time in consequence)—Take care, Maria, don't presume too far upon being a weak woman, or I may forget my strength!

### Chattering.

"So the cars that bring the dissipated rounders home at unseemly hours are called owl cars," said the woman who had been foolish enough to marry a rounder. "Well, that is a good name for them."

"Is that so?" snapped her husband. "Well, the cars that take women down to the bargain sales should be called parrot cars."

## Eruptions

The only way to get rid of pimples and other eruptions is to cleanse the blood, improve the digestion, stimulate the kidneys, liver and skin. The medicine to take is Hood's Sarsaparilla Which has cured thousands.

### Superior Clay.

The late Eugene Field, while on one of his lecturing tours, entered Philadelphia one bright spring morning after that city had endured a three days' rainstorm.

There was some delay at the bridge over the Schuylkill river, and the humorist's attention was attracted by the turbid, coffee-colored stream flowing underneath. "It reminded me so much of my own dear Chicago river," he afterwards explained. He placed a detaining hand on the arm of the colored porter, who was passing at the time, and inquired, in his languid tone, if he were a resident of the Quaker city.

"Yassir!" replied that important functionary, "I was bo'n an' raised yere. Yessir!"

"Don't you people get your drinking water from this stream?" inquired Field.

"Yassir! Ain't got no ruther place to git it from 'cept th' Delaware, an' dat's des a lil' mo' soupy dan disyer watah. Yassir!"

"Is it filtered before you drink it?"

"No, sah, not as I evah he'd tell of."

"I should think," said the humorist, "that you would be afraid to drink such water; especially as the seepage from that cemetery I see on the hill must drain directly into the river and pollute it."

"D'y'e mean dat big bu'yin' groun' up yander by de t'n ob de river?" inquired the son of Ham. "I reckon yo' all doan' know Philadelphia vey well, sah, aw yo'd know dat's Lau'el Hill cemetery!"

"Well, what of that?" asked Field, somewhat puzzled at this unlooked-for rejoinder.

"Dat watah doan' h'u't us Philadelphians none, sah," replied the native son, with an air of pride. "W'y, mos' all of de folks bu'ied theah aw 'fom ouah vey best fam'lies!"—Success Magazine.

### Much More to the Point.

"Ef yer real interested," said Deacon Skinner, "I'll tell ye what I want fur ther horse."

"Oh, I wouldn't be interested in knowin' thet," replied Farmer Shuide, "but I wouldn't mind knowin' what ye'd take."—Philadelphia Ledger.

## How Many Birthdays?

You must have had sixty at least! What? Only forty? Then it must be your gray hair. Ayer's Hair Vigor stops these frequent birthdays. It gives all the early, deep, rich color to gray hair, and checks falling hair. And it keeps the scalp clean and healthy.

"I was greatly troubled with dandruff which produced a most disagreeable itching of the scalp. I tried Ayer's Hair Vigor and the dandruff soon disappeared. My hair also stopped falling out until now I have a splendid head of hair."—DAVID G. KINNE, Plainfield, Conn.

Made by J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.

Also manufacturers of

AYER'S

SARSAPARILLA

PILLS

CHERRY PECTORAL

## ADMIRAL HICHBORN PRAISES PE-RU-NA



Rear-Admiral Hichborn.

### Admiral's Words Carry Weight.

Rear-Admiral Hichborn is one of the best known officers of our navy. His statements concerning Peru-na will have much weight as they go out in the world. What he says is echoed by many other officers of high standing.

### What the Admiral Says.

Philip Hichborn, Rear-Admiral of the U. S. Navy, Washington, D. C., writes:

"After the use of Peru-na for a short period, I can now cheerfully recommend your valuable remedy to any one who is in need of an invigorating tonic."—Philip Hichborn

### An Ever-Present Foe.

The soldier and the sailor are especially subject to catarrh. In the barracks and on the field, Peru-na is found equally efficacious to overcome this physical enemy. If taken in time, it will prevent colds from developing into catarrh. Even after a cold has settled in some organ of the body, Peru-na can be relied upon as an efficacious remedy to promptly overcome it.

Peru-na will relieve catarrh, whether acute or chronic, but a few doses of it taken in the first stages of the disease will be more effective than when the disease has become established.

## Get What You Ask For!

### There is a Reason—

Why the Good People of America buy Cascarets as Fast as the Clock Ticks.

Every second some one, somewhere, is buying a little Ten-Cent Box of Cascarets.

1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6—60 times to the Minute, 60 Minutes to the Hour, 3600 Boxes an Hour, 36,000 Boxes a Day of Ten Hours, 1,080,000 Boxes a Month, and then some.

Think of it—220,000 People take a Cascaret tablet each day. Millions use Cascarets when necessary.

The Judgment of Millions of Bright Americans is Infallible. They have been Buying and Taking Cascarets at that rate for over Six years.



It is not an Experiment, not an Accident or Incident, but a sound, Honest Business, based on Time-Tried-and-Tested Merit, never found wanting.

### There is a Reason.

Cascarets are the implacable foe of All Disease Germs; the incomparable cleanser, purifier and strengthener of the entire Digestive Canal.

They Act like Exercise on the Bowels. Muscles, make them strong and active—able to Help Themselves do their work—keep themselves clean.

Cascarets are the safe-guard of Innocent Childhood against the Dreadful Death-dealing Dangers that threaten the Lives of the Little Ones.

They are Purely Vegetable, absolutely Harmless, always Reliable and Efficient.

### Poor Old Venice.

"Venice? Oh, yes, we were in Venice several hours. Didn't like it, though. Awfully disagreeable."

"What was the trouble?"

"Such a beastly dusty place, don't you know."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Miller's Milwaukee Beer—the best in market. Spruance, Stanley & Co., San Francisco, agents.

### Much More to the Point.

"Ef yer real interested," said Deacon Skinner, "I'll tell ye what I want fur ther horse."

"Oh, I wouldn't be interested in knowin' thet," replied Farmer Shuide, "but I wouldn't mind knowin' what ye'd take."—Philadelphia Ledger.

### Arrow Throwing.

An old English sport that still survives from the days when the bow and arrow were in use is that of arrow throwing, and in parts of Yorkshire it is still made one of the features of athletic meets. The arrows are straight shafts three feet long, without either barb or feather, and are thrown by the aid of a bit of string wrapped about the thrower's hand and about the butt of the arrow. A skillful man can send the arrow one hundred and fifty yards, though it requires some experience to cause the arrow to leave the string without tangling. Once the knack is acquired the sport is said to be more fascinating than putting the shot or throwing the hammer. There is a movement on foot to have the sport made one of the features of the college games, since both skill and strength are required.

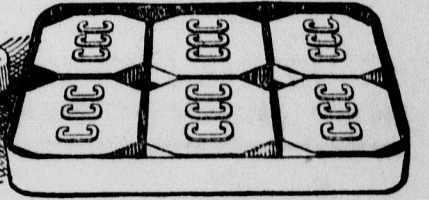
a true, faithful, loyal servant of Mankind.

Over Five Millions of Dollars have been Spent to make the merits of Cascarets known, and every cent of it would be lost, did not sound merit claim and hold the constant, continued friendship, Patronage and Endorsement of well-pleased people year after year.

### There is also a Reason—

Why there are Parasites who attach themselves to the Healthy Body of Cascaret's success—Imitators, Counterfeits, Substitutes.

They are Trade Thieves who would rob Cascarets of the "Good Will" of the people, and sneak unearned profits, earned and paid for by Cascarets.



A Dishonest Purpose means a Dishonest Product and a Disregard of the Purchasers' Health or Welfare.

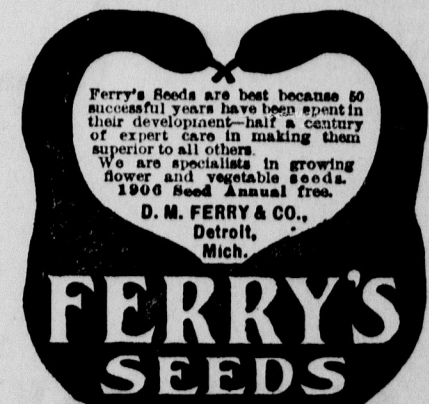
Beware of the Slick Salesman and his ancient "Just as Good" story that common sense refutes.

Cascarets are made only by the Sterling Remedy Company, and the famous little Ten Cent "Vest Pocket" box is here shown. They are never sold in bulk. Every tablet marked "CCC."

Be sure you get the genuine.

### FREE TO OUR FRIENDS!

We want to send to our friends a beautiful French-designed, GOLD-PLATED BONBON BOX, hard-enamelled in colors. It is a beauty for the dressing table. Ten cents in stamps is asked as a measure of good faith and to cover cost of Cascarets, with which this dainty trinket is loaded. Send to-day, mentioning this paper. Address Sterling Remedy Company, Chicago or New York.



## FERRY'S SEEDS

### BEST BY TEST

"I have tried all kinds of waterproof clothing and have never found anything at any price to compare with your Fish Brand for protection from all kinds of weather."

(The name and address of the writer of this unsolicited letter may be had upon application.)

Highest Award World's Fair, 1904.

A. J. TOWER CO. The Sign of the Fish

Boston, U.S.A.

TOWER CANADIAN CO., LIMITED

Toronto, Canada

Makers of Warranted Wet Weather Clothing

WHEN WRITING TO ADVERTISERS

KINDLY MENTION THIS PARER

S. F. N. U. No. 4, 1906

### PISO'S CURE FOR

COUGHS WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS.

Best Cough Syrup. Tastes Good. Use in Time. Sold by Druggists.

CONSUMPTION



# TO MANUFACTURERS

Who desire a location combining every feature conducive to prosperity, sufficiently near to San Francisco to enjoy all the privileges of a site in the metropolis, and yet sufficiently remote to escape the heavy taxation and other burdens incident to the city.

Where a ship canal enables vessels to discharge their cargoes on the various wharves already completed for their accommodation.

Where large ferry boats enter the large ferry slip now in use, and land passengers, freight and whole trains of cars.

Where an independent railroad system gives ample switching privileges to every industry.

Where a private water-works plant, with water mains extending throughout the entire manufacturing district, supplies an abundance of pure artesian water at rates far below city prices.

Where some of the largest industries in the State are today located and in full operation.

Where hundreds of thousands of dollars have already been spent in perfecting the locality for manufacturing purposes.

Where the South San Francisco Land and Improvement Company own **THIRTY-FOUR HUNDRED** acres of land and **Seven Miles** of **Water Front** on the San Francisco Bay, and on the main line of the Southern Pacific Railroad.

Where, in fact, rail, wharf and other privileges are unexcelled for manufacturing purposes by any other locality on the coast.

If you desire such a location come and see what we have in South San Francisco, San Mateo County.

For further information call or address

**SOUTH SAN FRANCISCO LAND & IMPROVEMENT CO.**

202 SANSOME ST., SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

## TO HOME-SEEKERS

The South San Francisco Land and Improvement Company, comprising many San Francisco, Chicago and New York capitalists, created in San Mateo county a new town site known as South San Francisco. This town site is situated on the main line of the Southern Pacific Railroad, and also on the Southern Pacific Bay Shore Railroad, soon to be finished; it is also at the terminus of the San Francisco and San Mateo Electric Railway.

South San Francisco was platted as a town just prior to the great financial panic of 1893 and 1894; during all that period of financial wreck and ruin, when almost every new enterprise and many old-established institutions were actually swept out of existence, she has held her own and is to-day a prosperous community with a population of fully **TWO THOUSAND PEOPLE.**

An extensive and fine residence district, where workingmen may secure land at reasonable prices, and on favorable terms, as homes for themselves and their families.

Upwards of \$2,000,000 in cash have been expended in laying the foundation of this new town. Most of the streets have been graded, curbed and sewered, miles of concrete sidewalk laid, trees planted along the main highways, and a water-works plant completed, giving an abundant supply of pure artesian water for every purpose. But the foundation laid in what is known as the manufacturing district of this town site constitutes above all others the most positive guarantee for the future of South San Francisco.

There is no stability nor permanency so absolute respecting real estate values, and the future growth of any community like that which is based upon industries giving employment to men. The facilities created by the founders of South San Francisco have already secured to her several large manufacturing enterprises, and will soon secure many more; this means not only an increase in population, but an enhancement in real estate values.

South San Francisco has passed the experimental stage, and is now an established town. Many of her lot owners who have properly improved their holdings are even to-day realizing from ten to twenty per cent net on their investments. How many communities as new as South San Francisco can make this boast?

An independent community in itself, with its own supporting elements, and at the same time close to the metropolis of California, and in the direction in which San Francisco must necessarily grow, already reached by some of the city's street car service, and certain to be on the line of any new railroad entering San Francisco, South San Francisco presents to-day opportunities for investment among the safest and best on the Pacific Coast.

Detail information cheerfully furnished. Address

**SOUTH SAN FRANCISCO LAND & IMPROVEMENT CO.**

202 SANSOME STREET.

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

## WESTERN MEAT COMPANY . . . BEEF AND PORK PACKERS

—AND SLAUGHTERERS OF—

CATTLE, SHEEP, HOGS AND CALVES.

: : :

—PACKERS OF THE—

**GOLDEN GATE —AND— MONARCH BRANDS**

HAMS, BACON, LARD AND CANNED MEATS.

: : :

PACKING HOUSE AND STOCK YARDS LOCATED AT

SOUTH SAN FRANCISCO,

SAN MATEO COUNTY.

Consignments of Stock Solicited.

WESTERN MEAT COMPANY.